

# STORY AND PLAY READERS

VOLUME II  
SEVENTH YEAR



ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS  
—  
MARGARET KNOX



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# STORY AND PLAY READERS

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IN COLLABORATION WITH

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VOLUME II

SEVENTH YEAR

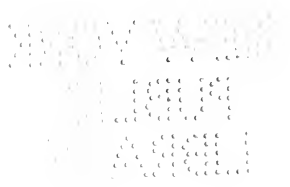


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*T*O all the Boys and Girls  
who in the great public  
school system of America are  
reading the literature of all  
lands this book is dedicated,  
with the hope that through its  
pages a deeper love for read-  
ing will be inculcated and a  
greater desire to read to others.

MARGARET KNOX,

ANNA M. LÜTKENHAUS.

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## INTRODUCTION

What to read and how to read it,—these are the problems that confront the teachers of the grammar grades. For the primary grade teachers these matters are easily settled. Our little children's desire to read the printed page is enough impetus to carry them successfully through book after book even though the content be of little value as literature. It is when this period of teaching the mechanics of reading is past, that both teacher and class lose interest in the effort to master the printed page, and our children's reading deteriorates. The reading period is usually a dull uninteresting time, when the children, in careless, slovenly manner, run through page after page of text, which makes little or no impression, however literary it may be, because of the lack of vital interest that is aroused in the child's mind.

It may be that most of us feel, that once the child has learned to read, there is no further need for oral reading except for practice, occasionally, in pronunciation, punctuation, and in the more difficult and obscure formalities of the text. Reading, now, is to be left to the children themselves for the pleasurable acquiring of knowledge, and for acquaintance with literature.

But, we, as teachers, must not allow ourselves to get into the habit of making the reading period a resting place in the busy day. We must remember that *reading* in itself is the most important of all subjects, because through it, language, our means of intercourse with all peoples in all subjects, is developed.

Through reading we have our opportunity to teach our greatest moral and ethical lessons, and to build up, through the appeal to the emotions, the fine well-rounded character of the cultivated man and woman. Does not the teaching of reading really mean teaching our children to understand all the mighty thoughts of the world, whether they be expressed in music, or poetry, or art, or in the characters of the heroes of literature?

If reading is understanding, let us not push it aside then, as unimportant, in the rush and hurry of our modern life; but let us take up this lost art again, and really learn to read. Let us go back to the age when to be the reader of a community was to be the teacher. When books were scarce and reading was not a general accomplishment the one who could and would read, commanded the respect and admiration of all the countryside. We hear of neighborhoods in our grandfathers' day where the farm laborers were held in thrall by the reading of a little girl of twelve. She used to borrow the *Waverley Novels*, and these men and women, tired by a day of hard toil, would sit around an open fire on the hearth in the evening, while one of their number held a blazing pine knot as a torch to shed its light on the pages of her book, and listen, all eyes and ears, to the dramatic reading of the thrilling tales, by this girl.

Do we not find this repeated in our own experience to-day, when, during a holiday time or a day of leisure, we can snatch a quiet evening to stay at home? What greater pleasure can there be than to gather about the open fire and while we sew or knit or employ our hands in some light task, listen to a good reader and live with him through the scenes of the good old books?

But, then comes the criticism: "How few people read

well! How few people speak well! Most people pronounce badly, enunciate poorly, have unpleasant voices!" They close their lips and shut in their voices so that the discordant sounds emitted are annoying and make the hearer long to run away. Read Hamlet's advice to the players. How adequately Shakespeare has set forth the requisites of a good speaker or reader. We cannot all have the "golden voice" of a Julia Marlowe, or the smoothness of speech of a Forbes-Robertson; but by careful drill we can acquire a well modulated voice, and by constant practice all can achieve perfect enunciation. It takes years of practice to acquire the technique and expression of the skilled pianist or violinist. This same practice would make the precious instrument that we all have, a trained organ under our control, that would richly repay us for the labor, in the pleasure we give to others by our speaking voice and by reading aloud.

And so, with the old-fashioned notion strongly before us that reading means not only getting the thought from the printed page, and widening our knowledge of literature, but giving this thought expression in beautiful language:—the words pronounced correctly and enunciated clearly, with voice well-modulated, full and rich, and the soul given an opportunity to express itself in the sympathetic rehearsing of the writer's thoughts;—we have gathered, in this series of Readers, a number of selections suitable for oral reading.

We believe thoroughly that the reading text-books in the pupils' hands should contain a wealth of good literary selections that will acquaint them not only with the style of the various writers, but also with the biographies of great and good men and women and stories of the interest-

ing lives of history and legend, thus giving opportunities for study of character; but we feel that a Reader should go a step further.

We fall back upon the psychology of modern teaching and hold that no matter what effect a fine bit of literature has upon the child mind, at the time of reading, there is little or no lasting impression made unless there is an opportunity for expression. We desire to give all the children of the classes using these books an opportunity not only to read for themselves in order to get the thought, but that they shall give it back in well expressed oral reproduction of the story. In other words, we want our young people to tell the stories again and again, to play the play again and again, and in this way, not only to gain knowledge of literature and to receive pleasure themselves, but to give pleasure and instruction to all who hear them. For the time being, they become the characters and live the lives which they depict. This will not make actors and actresses of the children, but in living these characters, they will learn how to act in their own lives.

The teacher should conduct these reading lessons in such a way that every child in the class will take part. Now one and now another may take the rôle of leading characters, while all those, not having a speaking part, may be occupied as chorus or mob or populace, or in some capacity, as supernumeraries.

It is this spirit of coöperative rivalry in producing the play well that will teach children to speak our language correctly and beautifully, as well as to read well.

I speak from a long experience with elementary school children when I say that there is no better training in intelligent reading and in clear expression of thought than this use of dramatic selections for class exercises and it is



with a wish that every school girl and boy, not only will read and act the stories given in these books, but will read and act many other stories as they meet them in the literature of all languages.

May the boys and girls of other schools get for themselves, and give to others, as much pleasure as the boys and girls of Public School 15 have received and given, in the reading of these dramatic selections; and may they be encouraged to continue reading orally and dramatically for their classmates, and later for their family and friends, until our language as spoken by them, may be "a well of English undefiled."

MARGARET KNOX,

February 17, 1917.

Principal of Public  
School 15, Manhattan.



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**STORY AND PLAY  
READERS**



# STORY AND PLAY READERS

## SCENES FROM "WOODSTOCK"

By SIR WALTER SCOTT  
Time—1652.

NOTE.—In 1649, at the end of the Civil War in England, Charles I was tried for treason and executed. Oliver Cromwell became Lord Protector of England.

Charles II, son of Charles I, was born at St. James' Palace, London, May 20, 1630; died at St. James', February 6, 1685. He was appointed to the command of the Royalist forces in the Western counties of England in the Civil War, and after the decisive victory of the Parliamentary army at Naseby, left England March 2, 1646, living during his exile chiefly in France and Holland. He was proclaimed king at Edinburgh, February 5, 1649; was crowned at Scone, January 1, 1651; was totally defeated by Cromwell at Worcester, September 3, 1651; and escaped after numerous adventures.

Owing to the influence of General Monk he was proclaimed king at Westminster, May 8, 1660, and was crowned April 23, 1661.

From "The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia."

### CHARACTERS

SIR HENRY LEE. A Royalist.

ALICE LEE. His daughter.

ALBERT LEE. His son, a fugitive with the exiled king, Charles II.

DR. ROCHECLIFFE. A minister of the King's Church.

JOCELINE }  
PHOEBE } Servants to SIR HENRY LEE.

LOUIS KERNIGUY. King Charles II, in disguise.

COLONEL EVERARD. In love with Alice Lee, but an officer under Cromwell.

ROGER WILDRAKE. A staunch Royalist, but acting as servant to his friend COLONEL EVERARD.

SPITFIRE. Messenger.

OLIVER CROMWELL and SOLDIERS.

## FIRST SCENE

[*In the dining room at Woodstock, a royal palace.*]

SIR HENRY LEE. [*With bent head, walking up and down the room.*] Alice, I have lived my time, and beyond it. I have outlived the kindest and most princelike of masters. What do I do on the earth since the dismal thirtieth of January? The parricide of that day was a signal to all true servants of Charles Stuart to avenge his death, or die as soon after as they could find a worthy opportunity.

ALICE. [*Gravely.*] Do not speak thus, father; it does not become your gravity and your worth to throw away that life which may yet be of service to your king and country. It will not and cannot always be thus. England will not long endure the rulers which these bad times have assigned her. In the meanwhile beware of that impatience which makes bad worse.

SIR HENRY LEE. Worse! *What* can be worse? Is it not at the worst already? Will not these people expel us from the only shelter we have left, dilapidate what remains of royal property under my charge, make the palace of princes into a den of thieves, and then wipe their mouths and thank God, as if they had done an alms-deed?

ALICE. Still, there is hope behind, and I trust the King is ere this out of their reach. We have reason to think well of my brother Albert's safety.



SIR HENRY LEE. [*Reproachfully.*] Aye, Albert! there again, had it not been for thy entreaties I had gone to Worcester myself; but I must needs lie here like a worthless hound when the hunt is up, when who knows what service I might have shown? An old man's head is sometimes useful when his arm is but little worth. But you and Albert were so desirous that he should go alone, and now who can say what has become of him?

ALICE. Nay, nay, father; we have good hope that Albert escaped from that fatal day; young Abney saw him a mile from the field.

SIR HENRY LEE. Young Abney lied, I believe. Young Abney's tongue seems quicker than his hands, but far slower than his horse's heels when he leaves the Round-heads behind him. I would rather Albert's dead body were laid between Charles and Cromwell than hear he fled as early as young Abney.

ALICE. My dearest father. Oh, how can I comfort you?

SIR HENRY LEE. Comfort? I am sick of comfort.

ALICE. [*Weeping.*] Oh, father, father!

SIR HENRY LEE. Do not weep, Alice; we have enough to vex us. What is it that Shakespeare hath it—

Gentle daughter,  
Give even way unto my rough affairs;

ALICE. I am glad to hear you quote your favorite again, sir. Our present troubles are ever wellnigh ended when Shakespeare comes in play.

SIR HENRY LEE. His book was the closet-companion of

my blessed master, after the Bible—with reverence for naming them together!—he felt more comfort in it than any other; and as I have shared his disease, why, it is natural I should take his medicine. Albeit, I pretend not to my master's art in explaining the dark passages; for I am but a rude man and rustically brought up to arms and hunting.

ALICE. You have seen Shakespeare yourself, sir?

SIR HENRY LEE. Silly wench, he died when I was a mere child—thou hast heard me say so twenty times; but thou wouldst lead the old man away from the tender subject. Ben Jonson I knew, and could tell thee many a tale of our meetings at the Mermaid, where, if there was much wine, there was much wit also. Old Ben adopted me as one of his sons in the muses. I have shown you, have I not, the verses, "To my much beloved son, the worshipful Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, Knight and Baronet"?

ALICE. I do not remember them at present, sir.

SIR HENRY LEE. I doubt thee, wench, but no matter—thou canst not get any more fooling out of me just now. The Evil Spirit hath left Saul for the present. We are now to think what is to be done about leaving Woodstock—or defending it. [*Sits down in big arm chair, closes eyes, and sleeps.*]

ALICE. [*Taking up some needlework, starts to sew, when she is startled by a sound at the window. At her exclamation her father jumps up and seizes his sword. ALBERT LEE, with face covered, startled, falls to ground.*]

SIR HENRY LEE. Alice, thou art the queen of wenches. Stand fast till I secure the rascal.

ALICE. For God's sake no, my dearest father! Joceline will be up immediately. Hark! I hear him.

JOCELINE. I am coming, I am coming, Sir Henry. St. Michael, I shall go distracted. [*Jumps back.*] Lord in Heaven, he has slain his own son!

ALBERT. [*Jumping up.*] No—no—I tell you no. I am not hurt. No noise on your lives; get lights instantly.

JOCELINE. Silence, as you would long live on earth—silence, as you would have a place in Heaven—be but silent for a few minutes; all our lives depend on it.

ALICE. Oh, brother, how could you come in this manner?

ALBERT. Ask no questions. Good God! for what am I reserved? [*SIR HENRY LEE has fallen back as if dead.*] Was my life spared to witness this?

DR. ROCHECLIFFE. [*Who has come in while ALBERT was talking.*] Get water instantly!

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Starting up.*] No! My son, Albert, returned! So thou hast seen the last of our battles, Albert, and the King's colors have fallen forever before the rebels!

ALBERT. It is but even so, the last cast of the die was thrown, and alas! lost, at Worcester; and Cromwell's fortune carried it there, as it has wherever he has shown himself.

SIR HENRY LEE. Well, it can but be for a time—it can

but be for a time.— And the King—the King, Albert—the King—in my ear—close—close!

ALBERT. [*In a low, tense tone.*] Our last message was one of confidence that he had escaped from Bristol.

SIR HENRY LEE. Thank God for that—thank God for that! Where didst thou leave him?

ALBERT. Our men were almost all cut to pieces at the bridge, but I followed his Majesty, with about five hundred other officers and gentlemen, who were resolved to die around him, until as our numbers and appearance drew the whole pursuit after us, it pleased his Majesty to dismiss us, with many thanks and words of comfort to us in general, and some kind expressions to most of us in especial. He sent his royal greeting to you, sir, in particular, and said more than becomes me to repeat.

SIR HENRY LEE. Nay, I will hear it every word, boy. Is not the certainty that thou hast discharged thy duty, and that King Charles knows it, enough to console me for all that we have lost and suffered, and would'st thou stint me of it from a false shamefacedness? I will have it out of thee, were it drawn from thee with cords.

ALBERT. It shall need no such compulsion. It was his Majesty's pleasure to bid me tell Sir Henry Lee, in his name, that if his son could not go before his father in the race of loyalty, he was at least following him closely, and would soon move side by side.

SIR HENRY LEE. Said he so? Old Victor Lee will look down with pride on thee, Albert! But I forget—you must be weary and hungry. Joceline—what ho, Joceline—my son and Dr. Rochecliffe are half starving.

JOCELINE. [*Rushing in.*] There is a lad below, a page; he says, of Colonel Albert's. I think he could eat a horse. He has devoured a whole loaf of bread and butter as fast as Phœbe could cut it. He is impatient and saucy!

ALICE. Hush, hush, Joceline, you forget yourself!

SIR HENRY. Who is this that he talks of? What page hast thou got, Albert, that bears himself so ill?

ALBERT. The son of a dear friend, a noble lord of Scotland, who followed the great Montrose's banner, and afterwards joined the King in Scotland, and came with him as far as Worcester. He was wounded the day before the battle, and conjured me to take this youth under my charge, which I did, somewhat unwillingly, but I could not refuse a father, perhaps on his death-bed, pleading for the safety of an only son.

SIR HENRY. Thou hadst deserved an halter, hadst thou hesitated. Fetch the youth in; he is of noble blood, and these are no times of ceremony; he shall sit with us at the same table, page though he be; and if you have not schooled him handsomely in his manners, he may not be the worse of some lessons from me.

ALBERT. You will excuse his national drawling accent, sir, though I know you like it not?

SIR HENRY LEE. I have small cause to like it, Albert, small cause. Who stirred up these disunions? The Scots. Who strengthened the hands of Parliament, when their cause was well nigh ruined? The Scots again. Who delivered up the King, their countryman, who had flung himself upon their protection? The Scots again.

ALBERT. The King has not a more zealous friend in England, than this uncouth boy!

JOCELINE. He commands all about him as if he were in his father's old castle.

SIR HENRY. This must be a forward chick. What's his name?

ALBERT. His name? It escapes me every hour, it is so hard. [*Hesitating.*] Kerneguy is his name—Louis Kerneguy; his father was Lord Killstewers of Kincardinshire.

SIR HENRY LEE. Kerneguy and Killstewers and Kin—what d'ye call it? Truly these Northern men's names and titles smack of their origin; they sound like a northwest wind, rumbling and roaring among heather and rocks.

DR. ROCHECLIFFE. It is but the asperities of the Celtic and Saxon dialects. But peace—here comes supper and Master Louis Kerneguy. [*LOUIS KERNEGUY enters very awkwardly; seats himself without ceremony and eats ravenously.*]

SIR HENRY LEE. I am glad to see that you have brought a good appetite for our country fare, young gentleman.

LOUIS KERNEGUY. Bread of Gude! Sir, an ye find flesh, I'se find appetite conforming, ony day of the year.

SIR HENRY LEE. You are country-bred, young man. The youths of Scotland at court had less appetite and more—more—more—

LOUIS KERNEGUY. Meat—the better luck theirs.

SIR HENRY LEE. The lad looks hungrily at yonder cold

loin of mutton; put it on his plate! Now God have mercy, Albert, but if this be the son of a Scotch peer, I would not be the English plowman who would change places with him. [*Aside.*] So, he wipes his mouth and fingers with his napkin. There is some grace in him, after all.

LOUIS KERNÉGUY. Here is wussing you all a very good health!

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Raising glass.*] A health to King Charles and confusion to his enemies.

ALL. King Charles!

SIR HENRY LEE.

“Though he wanders through dangers,  
Unaided, unknown,  
Dependent on strangers,  
Estranged from his own;  
Though under our breath,  
Amid forfeits and perils,  
Here 's to honor and faith,  
And a health to King Charles.”

ALBERT. [*Stepping nearer to SIR HENRY and kneeling.*] My father's blessing before I retire.

SIR HENRY LEE. [*As LOUIS KERNÉGUY in a very crude manner bows as he goes out.*] I am glad to see, young man, that you have at least learned the reverence due to age.

ALBERT. Nay, father, the poor lad is almost asleep on his legs; to-morrow he will listen with more profit to your kind admonitions. And you, Louis, remember at least one part of your duty; take the candles and light us—here

Joceline, show us the way. Once more, good-night, good Doctor Rochecliffe—good-night all. [*Exit.*]

## SECOND SCENE

[*In ALBERT'S Bed-room.*]

LOUIS KERNÉGUY. [*Laughing as ALBERT, after securing all locks, with great deference takes light.*] Why all this formality?

ALBERT. If your Majesty's commands, and the circumstances of the time, have made me for a moment seem to forget that you are my sovereign, surely I may be permitted to render my homage as such while you are in your own royal palace of Woodstock?

LOUIS KERNÉGUY. Truly, the sovereign and the palace are well matched. What a fine specimen of olden time is your father, Sir Henry! I warrant you never wore hat in his presence, eh?

Suppose a glorious Restoration come around, and thy father, as must be, of course, becomes an earl and one of the privy council; odsfish man! I shall be as much afraid of him as my grandfather Henry IV was of Old Sully! What a very pretty girl is your sister—or is it your cousin?

ALBERT. She is my sister. Would your Majesty now please to retire to rest? [*Exit.*]

## THIRD SCENE

[*The next morning. DR. ROCHECLIFFE sitting, reading, in the room.*]

ALBERT. [*Entering room.*] I have come thus early,



Dr. Rochecliffe, to ask you some questions which seem not quite untimely.

DR. ROCHECLIFFE. Come hither, then, Albert Lee; thou art still the same thou wert when I was thy tutor—never satisfied with having got a grammar rule, but always persecuting me with questions, why the rule stood so, and not otherwise.

ALBERT. You are the only one who knows that our sovereign is here. Are all these that serve here to be trusted? And what—what if Markham Everard comes down on us?

DR. ROCHECLIFFE. We have his word to the contrary—his word of honor transmitted by his friend. He has incurred your father's displeasure by serving Cromwell and through it has lost the right, for the time being, to address Alice.

ALBERT. Doctor, let our foresight serve others far more precious than either of us. Let me ask you, if you have well considered whether our precious charge should remain in society with the family, or betake himself to some of the more hidden corners of the house?

DR. ROCHECLIFFE. Hum! I think he will be safest as Louis Kerneguy, keeping himself close beside you.

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Entering room with LOUIS KERNEGUY.*] Come, Albert, why look so sullen and worried? Why should you be anxious? All accounts agree that the King is safe.

ALBERT. Not without some danger.

SIR HENRY LEE. Not without danger, indeed, but, as Will Shakespeare says:

“There ’s such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason dares not peep at what it would.”

LOUIS KERNEGUY. If I might put in a word, it would be to assure Colonel Albert Lee that I verily believe the King would think of his own hap, wherever he may be, much the worse that his best subjects were seized with dejection on his account.

SIR HENRY LEE. You answer boldly on the King’s part, young man.

LOUIS KERNEGUY. Oh, my father was “meikle” about the King’s hand.

SIR HENRY LEE. No wonder then, that you have so soon recovered your good spirits and good breeding. You are no more like the lad we saw last night than the best hunter I ever had was like a drayhorse.

ALBERT. Oh, there is much in rest, and food, and grooming. The lad was tired out and nearly starved last night.

SIR HENRY LEE. Well, then, but since thy father was a courtier, and thou hast learned, I think, something of the trade, tell us a little, Master Kerneguy, about him we love most to hear about—the King—we are all safe and secret; you need not be afraid. He was a hopeful youth; I trust his flourishing blossom now gives promise of fruit?

LOUIS KERNEGUY. I think, my patron, Colonel Albert Lee, is a better judge of the character of King Charles than I can pretend to be.

SIR HENRY LEE. Come, Albert.

ALICE. Yes, Albert; do tell us something about our young King.

ALBERT. If the King had not possessed enterprise and military skill, he never would have attempted the expedition to Worcester; had he not had personal courage, he had not so long disputed the battle that Cromwell almost judged it lost. That he possesses prudence and patience must be argued from the circumstances attending his flight; and that he has love of his subjects is evident, since, necessarily known to many, he has been betrayed by none.

ALICE. For shame, Albert! Is that the way a good Cavalier doles out the character of his prince?

ALBERT. I did my best to trace a likeness from what I have seen and known of the original, Sister Alice; if you would have a fancy portrait, you must get an artist of more imagination than I have to draw it for you.

ALICE. I shall be that artist myself, and in my portrait our monarch will show all that he ought to be, having such high pretensions; all that I am sure he is, and that every loyal heart in the kingdom ought to believe him.

SIR HENRY LEE. She speaks well, Albert. "Look thou upon this picture, and on this!" Go on, daughter, thy tongue shall do our king full honor with thy sweet manner of saying it.

ALICE. [*Blushing.*] Our king has all the chivalrous courage, all the warlike skill, of Henry of France, his grandfather. He has all his benevolence, love of his people, patience even of unpleasing advice. He is ready to sacrifice his own wishes and pleasures to the commonweal. He

will be blest while living! When he dies he will be so long remembered that for ages it shall be thought sacrilege to breathe an aspersion against the throne which he occupied. Long after he is dead, while there remains an old man who has seen him, were the condition of that survivor no higher than a groom or a menial, his age shall be provided for at the public charge, and his gray hairs regarded with more distinction than an earl's coronet, because he remembers the second Charles, the monarch of every heart in England.

SIR HENRY LEE. So much for the King, Alice, but now for the man.

ALICE. Temperate, wise, and frugal, yet munificent in rewarding merit—a friend to letters and the muses, a worthy gentleman—a kind master—the best friend—

SIR HENRY LEE. He was, girl, he was!

ALBERT. [*Starting up as a tap is heard at the door.*] Who is it, and what do you want at this hour?

SPITFIRE. [*Entering, carrying feather.*] Spitfire, sir. I come, sir, from Colonel Everard's home. Master Wildrake gave me this feather to bring to Mistress Lee and he put me out of the window that I might not be stopped by the soldiers.

ALBERT. All this nonsense about a feather.

ALICE. Stay yet a minute. So there are strangers at your master's?

SPITFIRE. Aye! at Colonel Everard's.

ALICE. And what manner of strangers; guests, I suppose?

SPITFIRE. Aye, mistress, the sort of guests that make themselves welcome wherever they come; soldiers, madam.

ALBERT. The men that have been long lying at Woodstock?

SPITFIRE. No, sir; newcomers; and their commander—your honor and your ladyship never saw such a man!

ALBERT. [*Much alarmed.*] Was he tall or short?

SPITFIRE. Neither one nor other; stout made, with slouching shoulders, a nose large, and a face one would not like to say "No" to.

ALBERT. [*Pulling ALICE aside, whispers to her.*] You are right! the archfiend himself is upon us!

ALICE. [*Greatly disturbed.*] And the feather means flight! What shall we do!

ALBERT. Give the boy a trifle and dismiss him. [*Steps over and whispers to LOUIS KERNEGUY.*]

SIR HENRY. What is the matter, Albert? Who calls at the lodge at this hour? Why do you not answer? Why keep chattering with Louis Kerneguy?

ALICE. A boy brought a message and I fear it is an alarming one.

ALBERT. We must take farewell of you at once, father.

ALICE. No, no, brother, you must stay and aid the de-

fense here. If you and Louis Kerneguy are both missed, the pursuit will be instant. You can change coats with Louis.

ALBERT. Right, noble girl. Yes—Louis, I remain as Kerneguy, you fly as young Master Lee. I'll follow anon.

LOUIS KERNEGUY. I cannot see the justice of that.

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Very agitated.*] Nor I. Who is this Master Kerneguy, or what is he to me, that my son must stay and take the chance of mischief and this young Scotch page is to escape in his dress?

LOUIS KERNEGUY. I am fully of your opinion, Sir Henry. The moment is come when I must say in a word, that I am that unfortunate Charles Stuart whose lot it has been to become the cause of ruin to his best friends.

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Angrily.*] I will teach you to choose the subjects of your mirth better.

ALBERT. Be still, sir, this is indeed the King! and such is the danger to his person that every moment we waste may bring round a fatal catastrophe.

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Bowing deeply.*] My sovereign. [*Quickly.*] Albert, quickly change the King's apparel. Alice—you will guide the King to the lodge where you can get horses. Joceline, bar every door and window. Quick! The secret places in this castle will keep the rebels busy for two hours at least.

LOUIS KERNEGUY. Farewell, good friend! farewell! Think of me as a son, a brother to Albert and Alice, who are, I see, already impatient. Give me a father's blessing, and let me be gone.

SIR HENRY LEE. The God through whom kings reign bless your Majesty, the Lord of hosts bless you, and bring you in his own good time to the safe possession of the crown that is your due! [*KING and ALICE pass out on one side as loud knocking is heard on opposite side.*]

CROMWELL. What can this mean? They cannot surely have fled, and left the house empty. [*More knocking.*]

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Opening door.*] Who is it inquires?

CROMWELL. We come by warrant of the Commonwealth of England. Death to all who resist—life to those who surrender. What guests,—what visitors have you had?

SIR HENRY LEE. My daughter and my son, and I have three maids and one Joceline to attend upon us.

CROMWELL. I do not ask after the regular members of your household. Did you not receive a young Cavalier called Louis Gerneguy?

SIR HENRY LEE. I remember no such name, were I to hang for it.

CROMWELL. Kerneguy, or some such name!

SIR HENRY LEE. A Scotch lad, by that name was my guest, but he left this morning.

CROMWELL. [*Stamping his foot.*] So late! What horse did he ride? Who went with him?

SIR HENRY LEE. My son went with him.

CROMWELL. [*Angrily.*] Where lead all these doors?

SIR HENRY LEE. To the many rooms of the castle,

CROMWELL. [*Turning to his men.*] Search every corner of the castle. You are running up a farther account, Sir Henry, but we shall balance it once and for all.

SIR HENRY LEE. The castle is yours. Command us as you will.

[CROMWELL and men pass out. SIR HENRY, much agitated, paces up and down, looking out of window at intervals.]

ALICE. [*Entering quickly.*] Father, he is safe. The horses were fresh and even now they are miles away. [CROMWELL enters. ALICE curtsies to him.]

CROMWELL. Hast thou seen one Kerneguy—Gerneguy?

ALICE. Aye, sir; he was my brother's guest yestere'en.

CROMWELL. [*Stepping close to her.*] Where is he now?

ALICE. I know not, sir; he left long since.

SOLDIERS. [*Coming in.*] The King has escaped!

CROMWELL. [*Turning to SIR HENRY LEE as his soldiers pass out.*] Our day of reckoning, Sir Henry Lee, will yet come. [SIR HENRY with a deep bow, holds open door until all have passed out.]

#### FOURTH SCENE

[*Time—June, 1660—on way to London.*]

[*Crowds waving banners. Old SIR HENRY LEE, sitting in chair surrounded by ALICE, grandchildren, JOCELINE, PHEBE, etc.*]



CROWD. [*As royal procession comes up.*] God save King Charles!

KING CHARLES. [*Amid the cheers of the people, jumps from his horse, and with one hand pushes SIR HENRY LEE back into his chair.*] Bless, father, bless your son, who has returned in safety, as you blessed him when he departed in danger.

SIR HENRY LEE. [*Almost overcome with feeling.*] May God bless—and preserve—

KING CHARLES. [*Turning to ALICE, to give SIR HENRY a chance to recover himself.*] And you, fair guide, how have you been employed since our perilous night-walk? But I need not ask—[*glancing at children*—in the service of king and kingdom, bringing up subjects as loyal as their ancestors. A fair lineage, by my faith, and a beautiful sight to the eye of an English king! Colonel Everard [*turning to ALICE's husband*], we shall see you, I trust, at Whitehall? And thou, Joceline, thou canst hold thy quarterstaff with one hand, sure? Thrust forward the other palm. [*Fills hand with gold.*] Buy a headgear for my friend Phœbe with some of these; she, too, has been doing her duty to Old England. [*Taking both SIR HENRY LEE's hands in his and bending down.*]

SIR HENRY LEE.

“Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.”

KING CHARLES. This is something too public a place for all we have to say. But if you come not soon to see King Charles at Whitehall, he will send down Louis Kerneguy

to visit you, that you may see how rational that mischievous lad is become since his travels.

SIR HENRY LEE. "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

KING CHARLES. [*Bowing deeply; turns to waiting lords.*] Excuse me for having made you wait, my lords; indeed, had it not been for these good folks, you might have waited for me long enough to little purpose. Move on, sirs.

THE END

## FROM "HAMLET"

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[HAMLET *and* PLAYERS.]

HAMLET. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

FIRST PLAYER. I warrant your honor.

HAMLET. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form

and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theater of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

FIRST PLAYER. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, sir.

HAMLET. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt PLAYERS.*]

# THE NATION'S STRONGER WEAPON

## EDUCATION *VERSUS* WAR

### A PAGEANT FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

#### CHARACTERS

WAR GOD. A tall, heavy, muscular child, dark hair and eyes, dressed in dull brown loose trousers and coat, trimmed with fur. Cap trimmed with fur. Belt. Sword. Sandals on feet, strapped around legs.

HERALD. White dress. Blue standard trimmed with gold fringe. Trumpet.

PESTILENCE. Girl with flowing red hair. Loose flowing red robe.

FAMINE. Thin, wan child dressed in black, shawl over head.

CRIME. Child dressed in black and white striped material. Skull cap.

HARD TIMES. Child dressed in dull gray.

SPIRIT OF EDUCATION. Girl in white flowing robe, carrying torch.

GODDESS OF LIBERTY. White draperies, crown, torch.

INDIAN. Indian tunic, feather headpiece.

CHILDREN OF ALL NATIONS. Dressed in national costumes. About six of each.

BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE ASSEMBLY,

HERALD. [*Blowing trumpet.*] Ho! Ho! Make room, make room, the War God cometh. [*The WAR GOD comes in, followed by FAMINE, PESTILENCE, HARD TIMES, and CRIME, who pose around him.*]

1ST CHILD. [*Gazing intently at the group.*] Who is he? Who are they who with evil looks haunt our Festal Day?

WAR GOD. I am War. All nations bow to me. They

train their fairest youth to work for me. I am the greatest power on earth.

FAMINE. Where War goes, I follow. I am Famine.

PESTILENCE. Where War goes, I follow. I am Pestilence.

CRIME. I am Crime and walk step for step [*keeping step with WAR*] with the great and glorious War God.

HARD TIMES. I come to taunt the heroes when the glory of war is over. I am Hard Times.

WAR GOD. I rule the world. These [*pointing to CRIME, etc.*] follow me wherever I go. I am War, the greatest power on earth. [*Recites.*]

“I am the God Thor,  
I am the War God,  
I am the Thunderer!  
Here in my Northland,  
My fastness and fortress,  
Reign I forever!

“Force rules the world still,  
Has ruled it, shall rule it;  
Meekness is weakness,  
Strength is triumphant,  
Over the whole earth  
Still is it Thor’s Day!”

2ND CHILD. We have been taught a different lesson. We are told that education is the greatest power. [*SPIRIT OF EDUCATION, holding her torch aloft, enters.*]

WAR GOD. Education—yes, your history teaches you the glory of war, the hating of foreign nations; yes, back to the very earliest history of the world—for I am as old as

the world—even your young nation teaches you the triumphs of Indian warfare.

SPIRIT OF EDUCATION. Ah, no, you are wrong. I am the Spirit of Education. My history teaches our children to honor noble deeds, to avoid the mistakes of former years, to consider well the best laws for the good of our country, to keep our people with good-will to others. You speak of the Indian warfare, do you not remember what the wise Hiawatha said:

INDIAN. [*Coming out.*]

“I am weary of your quarrels;  
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,  
All your strength is in your union,  
All your danger is in discord;  
Therefore be at peace henceforward,  
And, as brothers, live together.”

SPIRIT OF EDUCATION. Thus spoke the Indian Chief!

WAR GOD. What can these children learn that can in any way equal the glory of my mission?

SPIRIT OF EDUCATION. Let them tell you.

3RD CHILD. We learn the messages from the greatest minds that have ever lived. Come, classmates, tell this monster some of these thoughts.

[*Note: The quotations in the pageant have been collected from many sources. The following are meant to show the beauty and power of a broad cultural education.*]

4TH CHILD. “To educate—to draw forth all the splendid possibilities of a human being is the noblest task that any individual or any nation can attempt. Barbarism can-

not compete with civilization, ignorance cannot match strength with intelligence. The nations which have acted upon this fact have flourished and gone forward, those which have neglected it have been compelled to yield and to recede."

5TH CHILD. "Education which reaches from the highest in the State to the lowest, which knows no distinction of race or class, which is made the rightful heritage of every child, and becomes the reliance of every citizen, is the greatest influence for good that any nation can possess. Where such education flourishes, there liberty breathes; where it grows and spreads, there tolerance and humanity will be found. Ignorance and tyranny go hand in hand; liberty and enlightenment are brothers."

6TH CHILD. "The only wealth which will not decay is knowledge; the only treasure house open to all is a library."

7TH CHILD. "No greater fortune can befall a child than to be born into a home where the best books are read, the best music interpreted, and the best talk enjoyed, for in these privileges the richest educational privileges are supplied."

8TH CHILD. "You will find something far greater in the woods than you will find in books. Stones and trees will teach you that which you will never learn from masters."

9TH CHILD. "Nature has beauties which seem to have been fashioned for the sake of the sheer gladness they cause, and for no other reason.

"The flower draws the bee with its scent or its color; but what of its graceful form, whose charm only the human mind can feel? Why that purple glory of the mountain, with its nameless power over the soul? What use is there



in the beauty of the rainbow's prism or of its perfect curve, or of the quivering leaflet at springtide or of the midnight sky sown with stars?"

10TH CHILD. "As a mere mechanical contrivance the world would have gone on well enough without the musician or the painter. From the utilitarian standpoint neither is needed. The procession of life would have been maintained unbroken, though not a note of music had ever been written or a single picture painted. Human progress, too, would have been possible without them."

11TH CHILD.

"There 's a pool in the ancient forest,"

The painter-poet said,

"That is violet-blue and emerald

From the face of the sky o'erhead."

So far in the ancient forest,

To the heart of the wood went I,

But found no pool of emerald,

No violet-blue for the sky.

"There's a pool in the ancient forest,"

Said the painter-poet still,

"That is violet-blue and emerald,

Near the breast of a rose-green hill."

And the heart of the ancient forest,

The painter-poet drew,

And painted a pool of emerald

That thrilled me through and through.

[*Anon.*]

12TH CHILD. "Earth and sea and air are full of inarticulate voices; sound floats upward from populous cities to the cloudland, and thunder rolls down its monotonous

reply. The wailing of the wind at night, the hum of insect life, and the nightingale's note, the scream of the eagle, the cries of animals, and above all the natural inflections of the human voice—such are the rough elements of music.

“It would seem then, that we have only to take the color and sound provided for us by Nature, and transform them at once through the arts of painting and music into the interpreters of human thought and emotion.”

13TH CHILD. “I believe in beauty as the manifestation of triumphant life. I believe in looking for beauty everywhere; watching for it, searching for it in the great and in the small, in the unusual and in the commonplace things of this wonderful world.

“I believe in working for beauty always; planning for it, trying for it in the making of all that has to be made, and in the doing of all that has to be done.

“I believe in living the beautiful life; a life in right relation to the lives of others and in harmony with the eternally unfolding life of God.”

This is the Beauty Lover's creed.

14TH CHILD. “We believe with such a creed that man has had a liberal education who has been so trained that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear engine with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine to be turned to any kind of work; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature; one, who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art; to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.”

SPIRIT OF EDUCATION. These are lofty thoughts. Children's deeds may not be mighty, but hear what they do.

15TH CHILD. We learn to dance. We learn to sing the compositions of the greatest musicians, so that when we go out into the world our thoughts will not center on gross things really allied to War, but on the beautiful. The girls of our Glee Club will be able to join the great choral societies of our city and give pleasure to others as well as themselves.

SPIRIT OF EDUCATION. Now, O boasting War God, think well during the songs and answer whether you would change that teaching to training in the use of weapons that would kill.

*[Songs by School and Glee Club.]*

“Hark! hark! the lark at heaven’s gate sings,  
 And Phœbus ’gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chaliced flowers that lies;  
 And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes;  
 With everything that pretty is,  
 My lady sweet, arise:  
 Arise, arise!”

*(From “Cymbeline” by William Shakespeare.)*

“Who is Silvia? what is she,  
 That all our swains commend her?  
 Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
 The heaven such grace did lend her,  
 That she might admired be.  
 Is she kind as she is fair?  
 For beauty lives with kindness.  
 Love doth to her eyes repair,  
 To help him of his blindness,  
 And, being help’d, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
To her let us garlands bring."

(From "Two Gentlemen of Verona" by  
William Shakespeare.)

[Note: Any suitable school songs may be sung.]

SPIRIT OF EDUCATION. You are silent, O War God; come, what sayest thou now?

WAR GOD. [*Impressed, but defiant.*] These are girls. Such training will do for them, but our boys must follow me if they wish to do great deeds, for I am the War God! Man's War God!

16TH CHILD. Come, O War God; watch our boys play at war.

SPIRIT OF EDUCATION. What ho! Come, boys, come! Lend your boyish achievements and prove my strength to this unbelieving War God.

[BOYS in Wand Drill march in and take places in aisles. Give drill. Note: Any good gymnastic drill is suitable.]

1ST BOY. We represent the boys of our city.

We fight, too, but not our fellow men. We fight against all that is evil.

These are the bombs we use: [*As the BOYS march in the WAR GOD'S face shows great pleasure; it gradually changes to intense disapproval.*]

[*The bombs must be shot out.*]

2ND BOY. The Cleanliness Bomb!

3RD BOY. Cleanliness of body!

4TH BOY. Cleanliness of mind!

5TH BOY. Cleanliness of soul!

6TH BOY. Cleanliness at home!

7TH BOY. Cleanliness in school!

8TH BOY. Clean hands and faces!

9TH BOY. Clean shoes!

10TH BOY. Clean teeth!

11TH BOY. The Civic Duties' bomb, which makes for good citizens—men and women:

12TH BOY. Helpfulness!

13TH BOY. Coöperation!

14TH BOY. Unity!

15TH BOY. Education!

16TH BOY. Enlightenment!

17TH BOY. Harmony!

18TH BOY. Patriotism!

19TH BOY. Philanthropy!

20TH BOY. Respect for law!

21ST BOY. Respect for the rights of others!

22ND BOY. Organization!

23RD BOY. Thoroughness!

24TH BOY. Last, but best, the Character Missile. It means:

25TH BOY. Punctuality!

26TH BOY. Kindness!

27TH BOY. Honesty!

28TH BOY. Politeness!

29TH BOY. Truth!

30TH BOY. Purity!

31ST BOY. Courage!

32ND BOY. Sincerity!

33RD BOY. Generosity!

34TH BOY. Obedience!

35TH BOY. Dignity!

36TH BOY. Manliness and Womanliness!

37TH BOY. Nobility!

38TH BOY. Self-control!

39TH BOY. Commonsense!

40TH BOY. All these three combine to make the perfect man and woman whose highest aim is to further, "Peace on earth."

[*Song by school: "Watchman at the City's Gate"—  
Damrosch.*]

[*Boys in drill march out.*]

SPIRIT OF EDUCATION. Now, O War God, our country will speak.

17TH CHILD. We learn the real patriotism, and to honor the emblem of it.

WAR GOD. What does this emblem mean to children with this weak education?

SPIRIT OF EDUCATION. Our children will tell you.

18TH CHILD. It means the Golden Rule—the outstretched hand to all honest people of all lands.

[*School orchestra plays the national airs of all nations. Goddess of Liberty comes in and takes place on small raised platform. While the children, dressed in costumes of the different nationalities come in, the national music of that nation is played; children in the assembly sing the words of the songs. The foreigners look at the Goddess of Liberty with inquiring, reverent expression, posing near her. This tableau is held throughout the remainder of the pageant. Nations represented are English, Irish, Scotch, Austrian, Russian, Swedish, Italian, Dutch, German, French.*]

19TH CHILD. "Great nations are built on great ideas. Rome meant law. England has meant Liberty. The high significance of Germany is Efficiency. Equal Justice and Opportunity to each is still the vision of America."

20TH CHILD. "Our flag means all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War. It means all the Declaration of Independence meant. It means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty,

for happiness, meant. Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty, not lawlessness, not license, but organized institutional liberty—liberty through law, and law for liberty.”

21ST CHILD. “Our flag carries American ideas, American history and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine right of liberty in man.*”

22ND CHILD. “Our flag is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the Government. It is the free people in the Constitution.”

23RD CHILD. We, the children of many nations led by the torch of our Goddess of Liberty, are the makers of that flag. Listen, all, to its greetings! [COLOR CAPTAIN comes slowly up center aisle, holding the flag, as poem is recited by the SPIRIT OF EDUCATION.]

[Quotations have been collected from many sources.]

SPIRIT OF EDUCATION.

“Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies;  
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,  
While ages on ages thy splendor unfold!  
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,  
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime,  
Let the crimes of the East ne’er encrimson thy name,  
Be science, and virtue, and freedom thy fame!”

24TH CHILD. “All who stand beneath our banner are free. Ours is the only flag that has in reality written upon



it Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, the three grandest words in all the languages of men."

SPIRIT OF EDUCATION. Let us all salute our flag!

FLAG CAPTAIN. Color Guard, to the front, march! [*The piano playing "To the Colors." When the COLOR GUARD arrives at the front and center, the CAPTAIN delivers the Colors to the COLOR SERGEANT, the GUARD and CAPTAIN saluting.*]

About face! [*The COLOR SERGEANT and GUARD face the school.*]

Right hand, salute! [*Executed by the School and at the same time the colors are dipped.*]

SCHOOL. [*Holding right hand in salute.*] "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

[*Song by School.*]

## AMERICA

My country, 't is of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—  
Land of the noble free—  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,

Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break—  
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

—*Samuel Francis Smith.*

FLAG CAPTAIN. Color Guard, to your post, march.  
[*The COLOR GUARD proceeds to rear of assembly room; the  
COLOR SERGEANT carrying flag, takes stand beside the GOD-  
DESS OF LIBERTY, the piano playing "To the Colors."*  
*Signal—School seated.*]

25TH CHILD. "What does our flag tell us as often as we see it? It tells that no one in America is alone or friendless. This land of ours stands for national hospitality. We must welcome to our shores the exiles of the world and that we may not drive them back. Some may be deformed by labor, dwarfed by hunger, broken in spirit; victims of tyranny and caste, yet their children, born of liberty and love, will be symmetrical and fair, intelligent and free."

26TH CHILD. "The flag tells us one other message. It has been carried over fields of battle. But it is not a flag of war. It is a flag of peace. It does not mean hate to any other people. It is a sign of brotherhood and goodwill to all nations. We Americans are pledged to make the world more prosperous, happier and better."

WAR GOD. [*Pushing his followers before him; goes dejectedly out.*] If this is what is taught to the children of all the public schools, my glory will soon fade. [*As the WAR GOD goes out on one side, SPIRIT OF EDUCATION, holding her torch high, backs down side aisle on opposite side, until she stands below the GODDESS OF LIBERTY.*]

EPILOGUE. "Some nation must lead the world out of the black night of war into the light of that day when 'swords shall be beaten into plowshares.' Why not make that honor ours? Some day—why not now?—the nations will learn that enduring peace cannot be built upon fear—that good-will does not grow upon the stalk of violence. Some day the nations will place their trust in love, the weapon for which there is no shield; in love, that suffereth long and is kind; in love, that is not easily provoked, that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; in love, which though despised as weakness by the worshipers of Mars, abideth when all else fails."

[*Music is played while tableau breaks and children pass out; the FLAG SERGEANT and SPIRIT OF EDUCATION going out last.*]

## “AMERICA FOR ME”

By permission of Chas. Scribners' Sons, Publishers, New York.

'T is fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down  
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,  
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the  
    kings—  
But now I think I 've had enough of antiquated things.

So it 's home again, and home again, America for me!  
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,  
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,  
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of  
    stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there 's power in the air;  
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;  
And it 's sweet to dream in Venice, and it 's great to study  
    Rome;  
But when it comes to living there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;  
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains  
    filled;  
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day  
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her  
    way!

I know that Europe 's wonderful, yet something seems to  
lack:

The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.  
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free—  
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it 's home again, and home again, America for me!  
I want a ship that 's westward bound to plow the rolling  
sea,  
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean  
bars,  
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of  
stars.

—*Henry van Dyke.*

# SCENES FROM "EVANGELINE"

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Time—1755-1756

## THE HISTORICAL BASIS OF THE POEM

In 1755 Nova Scotia—or Acadia—which for more than thirty years had been nominally a British province, was inhabited by some thousands of French colonists, who were exempt from military service under France, and were termed "French Neutrals." Their real sympathies lay with the land of their birth, not with the Government under whose half-contemptuous protection they lived. In Europe, commissioners had for some time been trying to settle a satisfactory boundary between New France and Nova Scotia, when matters were brought to a crisis by the French in America, who erected two forts on a neck of land at the head of the Bay of Fundy. Massachusetts—this was before the Revolution, be it remembered—sent out three thousand men to capture these forts, and the thing was done. In the garrisons were found three hundred of the Neutrals, and therefore the Acadians were held condemned as rebels against the English Crown. What was to be done with them? The Governor of Nova Scotia, the Chief Justice of the province, and two British Admirals, met in council in July, and resolved that the entire population must be cleared out of that part of the country, and this deportation was to be carried out in such a way as to disperse the captives among the English of the other provinces. Of course it was not easy to execute an edict like this upon a widely-scattered population; but stratagem prevailed with these simple people, who had lived peacefully for two hundred years in this land, feeding sheep and tilling the soil rudely. Governor Lawrence issued a proclamation ordering all the males of the colony, "both old and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age," to assemble at the church of Grand-Pré on a certain Friday, to learn His Majesty's

pleasure, “on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels in default of real estate.” On the Friday appointed, September 5, 1755, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men met within the church. The doors were closed upon them, and guarded by soldiers; and then this mandate was read to the snared farmers: “It is His Majesty’s orders, and they are peremptory, that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live-stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown, with all your other effects, saving your money and household goods; and you yourselves are to be removed from this province. I shall do everything in my power that your goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and that this removal be made as easy as His Majesty’s service will admit. And I hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceful and happy people. Meanwhile you are the king’s prisoners, and will remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops I have the honor to command.”

Unbroken silence greeted this cruel edict, until after the lapse of a few minutes a moan broke from the stunned Acadians, and their cry of grief was echoed in bewilderment by the anxious women waiting with their children outside. On the 10th of September the inhabitants of Grand-Pré—nineteen hundred and twenty in number—were marched to the water’s side at the point of the bayonet, and embarked in Government ships. In spite of some show of care on the part of the authorities many parents were separated from their families and driven into different vessels; husbands and wives lost each other, and maidens parted from their lovers forever. The vessels were not able to accommodate all the emigrants, so some of these remained till fresh transports carried them away from their homes in cheerless December, and then Acadia was left desolate, and the Acadians never gathered together again. Small knots of the wanderers settled, and have left descendants, at Clare, at Minudie, in parts of Prince Edward’s Island, and on the north coast of New Brunswick.

Nathaniel Hawthorne (how pleasant it always is to come upon these two great American men of letters together!) one day dined at Craigie House, and brought with him a clergyman. The clergyman happened to remark that he had been vainly endeavoring to interest Hawthorne in a subject that he himself Thought would do

admirably for a story. He then related the history of a young Acadian girl who had been turned away with her people in that dire " '55," thereafter became separated from her lover, wandered for many years in search of him, and finally found him in a hospital, dying. And Hawthorne saw nothing in this! "Let me have it for a poem, then," said Longfellow, and he had the leave at once. He raked up historical material from Haliburton's "Nova Scotia," and other books, and soon was steadily building up that idyl that is his true Golden Legend. After he had wormed his way through the chronicles of that doomed land, he wrote to Hawthorne and suggested that the romancer should take up as a theme the early history and later wanderings of these Acadians; but with Acadia Hawthorne would have nothing to do on any terms.—From Robertson's "Life of Longfellow."

## PART FIRST

### PROLOGUE.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines  
and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct  
in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their  
bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring  
ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail  
of the forest.  
This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts  
that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland  
the voice of the huntsman?  
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of  
Acadian farmers—



Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the  
woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image  
of heaven?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers  
forever departed!  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts  
of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them  
far o’er the ocean.  
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village  
of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures,  
and is patient,  
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman’s  
devotion,  
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines  
of the forest;  
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

## FIRST SCENE

[*At EVANGELINE’S home.*]

[FARMER BENEDICT BELLEFONTAINE *and his daughter*  
EVANGELINE *in room.* BASIL, *the Blacksmith, and son*  
GABRIEL, *enter.*]

BENEDICT BELLEFONTAINE.

Welcome!

Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place  
on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty  
without thee;  
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box  
of tobacco;  
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the  
curling  
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial  
face gleams  
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist  
of the marshes.

[EVANGELINE *places chairs nearer the fire; then she and*  
GABRIEL *step over to one of the windows, and talk in*  
*low tones.*]

BASIL.

Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and  
thy ballad!  
Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are  
filled with  
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before  
them.  
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked  
up a horseshoe.

[*Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that EVANGELINE*  
*brought him,*  
*And with a coal from the embers had lighted.*]

Four days now are passed since the English ships at  
their anchors  
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon  
pointed against us.  
What their design may be is unknown; but all are  
commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his  
Majesty's mandate  
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the  
mean time  
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the peo-  
ple.

BENEDICT BELLEFONTAINE.

Perhaps some  
friendlier purpose  
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the har-  
vests in England  
By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been  
blighted,  
And from our bursting barns they would feed their  
cattle and children.

BASIL.

Not so thinketh the folk in the village,  
Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port  
Royal.  
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on  
its outskirts,  
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-  
morrow.  
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons  
of all kinds;  
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the  
seythe of the mower.

BENEDICT BELLEFONTAINE.

Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks  
and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the  
ocean,

Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the  
enemy's cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow  
of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night  
of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads  
of the village

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking  
the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food  
for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and  
inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of  
our children?

[RENÉ LEBLANC *enters. Bent by age, with shocks of  
yellow hair; glasses with horn bows astride his nose.*]

BASIL. [*Knocking the ashes from his pipe.*]

Father Leblanc, thou hast heard the talk in the  
village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships  
and their errand.

RENÉ LEBLANC.

Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never  
the wiser;

And what their errand may be I know not better than  
others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil inten-  
tion

Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then  
molest us?

BASIL. [*Angrily.*]

God's name!

Must we in all things look for the how, and the why,  
and the wherefore?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the  
strongest!

RENÉ LEBLANC.

Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice  
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often  
consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port  
Royal.

Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer  
remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice  
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in  
its left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice  
presided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes  
of the people.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of  
the balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sun-  
shine above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were  
corrupted;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were op-  
pressed, and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a noble-  
man's palace  
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a  
suspicion  
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the  
household.  
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the  
scaffold,  
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of  
Justice.  
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit as-  
cended,  
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of  
the thunder  
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from  
its left hand  
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of  
the balance,  
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a  
magpie,  
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was  
inwoven.

*[The blacksmith stood silenced but not convinced.]*

*[Then EVANGELINE lighted the brazen lamp on the  
table,  
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with  
home-brewed  
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in  
the village of Grand-Pré;  
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers  
and inkhorn,*

Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of  
     the parties,  
 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and  
     in cattle.  
 Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were  
     completed,  
 And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on  
     the margin.  
 Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on  
     the table  
 Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;  
 And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and  
     the bridegroom,  
 Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their  
     welfare.  
 Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and  
     departed,  
 While in silence the others sat and mused by the fire-  
     side,  
 Till EVANGELINE brought the draught-board out of its  
     corner.  
 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the  
     old men  
 Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful ma-  
     nœuvre,  
 Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was  
     made in the king-row.  
 Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's  
     embrasure,  
 Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the  
     moon rise  
 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the  
     meadows,

*Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of  
heaven,  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the  
angels.*

*Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from  
the belfry  
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and  
straightway  
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in  
the household.*  
[BASIL and GABRIEL pass out.]

## SECOND SCENE

*[At the Church.]*

*[Men gathered inside the church; the women waiting  
anxiously outside.]*

ENGLISH COMMANDER. *[Holding aloft in his hands,  
with its seals, the royal commission.]*

You are convened this day by his Majesty's orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have  
answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make  
and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must  
be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our  
monarch;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle  
of all kinds



Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves  
from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may  
dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable  
people!

Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's  
pleasure!

*[Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and  
then rose*

*Louder and even louder a wail of sorrow and  
anger.]*

BASIL. *[Flushed with passion.]*

Down with the tyrants of England! we never have  
sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes  
and our harvests!

*[A soldier knocks him down.]*

*[Great tumult.]*

FATHER FELICIAN. *[Entering.]*

What is this that ye do, my children? what mad-  
ness has seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and  
taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers  
and privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and  
forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would  
you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with  
hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing  
upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy  
compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, "O  
Father, forgive them!"

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked  
assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, "O Father, forgive  
them!"

THE MEN. [*Instantly quiet.*] O Father, forgive them!

### THIRD SCENE

[*On the shore.*]

CHORUS.

Four times the sun had risen and set, and now on  
the fifth day

Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the  
farmhouse.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful  
procession,

Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the  
Acadian women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to  
the seashore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their  
dwellings,

Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road  
and the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on  
the oxen,  
While in their little hands they clasped some frag-  
ments of playthings.  
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and  
there on the sea-beach  
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the  
peasants.

MEN. [*Down from the church to the shore, amid their  
wives and their daughters.*

*Foremost the young men came; and, raising together  
their voices,*

*Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic  
Missions—]*

Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible foun-  
tain!

Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission  
and patience!

EVANGELINE. [*Laying her hand on GABRIEL'S shoulder.*]

Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one an-  
other,

Nothing, in truth can harm us, whatever mischances  
may happen.

[*Suddenly pauses and rushes to her father who has sunk  
down on the shore.*]

FATHER FELICIAN. [*Approaching the place where  
EVANGELINE sat with her father.*] Benedicite!

EVANGELINE.

O Father Felician, in the confusion,

Wives are torn from their husbands, and mothers, too  
late, see their children  
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest  
entreaties,  
And [*with a great cry*] unto separate ships are Basil  
and Gabriel carried,  
While in despair we are left on the shore.

THE CROWD ON THE SHORE. [*As great columns of smoke  
arose in the village.*]  
We shall behold no more our homes in the village of  
Grand-Pré!

[BENEDICT BELLEFONTAINE *falls dead.*]

FATHER FELICIAN.

Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier  
season  
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land  
of our exile,  
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the  
churchyard.

[*With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and  
hurrying landward.*  
*Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of  
embarking;*  
*And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of  
the harbor,*  
*Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the  
village in ruins.*]

PART SECOND

I

CHORUS.

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of  
Grand-Pré,

When on the falling tide the freighted vessels de-  
parted,

Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into  
exile,

Exile without an end, and without an example in  
story.

Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;  
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow when the  
wind from the northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks  
of Newfoundland.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from  
city to city,

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern  
savannas—

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where  
the Father of Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to  
the ocean,

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the  
mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes; and many, despair-  
ing, heartbroken,

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend  
nor a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the  
churchyards.

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and  
wandered,  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all  
things.  
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her ex-  
tended,  
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with  
its pathway  
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and  
suffered before her,  
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and  
abandoned,  
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is  
marked by  
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in  
the sunshine.  
Something there was in her life incomplete, imper-  
fect, unfinished;  
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sun-  
shine,  
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly de-  
scended  
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.  
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the  
fever within her,  
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of  
the spirit,  
She would commence again her endless search and  
endeavor;  
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the  
crosses and tombstones,  
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that per-  
haps in its bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber  
beside him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,  
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her  
beloved and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said they; “O, yes! we have  
seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone  
to the prairies.”

## II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful  
River,

Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the  
Wabash,

Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,

Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian  
boatmen.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the  
Father Felician.

Onward, o’er sunken sands, through a wilderness  
somber with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent  
river;

But Evangeline’s heart was sustained by a vision, that  
faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through  
the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the  
shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered  
before her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer  
and nearer.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an  
opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions  
celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless  
islands,

Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the  
water,

Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters  
and trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the  
bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thought-  
ful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and  
a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly  
written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy  
and restless,

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of  
sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the  
island,



But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of  
 palmettos,  
 So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed  
 in the willows,  
 And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and un-  
 seen, were the sleepers;  
 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumber-  
 ing maiden.  
 Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud  
 on the prairie.  
 After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died  
 in the distance,  
 As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the  
 maiden  
 Said with a sigh to the friendly priest—“O Father  
 Felician!  
 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel  
 wanders.  
 Is it a foolish dream, an idle vague superstition?  
 Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my  
 spirit?”  
 Then, with a blush, she added—“Alas for my credu-  
 lous fancy!  
 Unto ears like thine such words as these have no  
 meaning.”  
 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled  
 as he answered—  
 “Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to  
 me without meaning.  
 Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats  
 on the surface  
 Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor  
 is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world  
calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the  
southward,

On the banks of the Têche are the towns of St. Maur  
and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again  
to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his  
sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of  
fruit-trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of  
heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of  
the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of  
Louisiana."

And with these words of cheer they arose and con-  
tinued their journey.

#### FOURTH SCENE

[*At BASIL's home in Louisiana.*]

BASIL. [*Jumping from his horse, with both arms out-  
stretched.*]

Welcome, welcome, Evangeline and Father Felician!  
Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have  
been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance  
than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the  
rivers;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.

Smoothly the plowshare runs through the soil as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom;  
and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle.

*[Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,*

*And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,*

*So that the guests all started; and FATHER FELICIAN, astounded,*

*Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.]*

Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,  
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!

FATHER FELICIAN. A land of plenty, surely!

*[Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.*

*Thoughtful, for GABRIEL came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings*

*Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and BASIL, somewhat embarrassed,*

*Broke the silence.]*

BASIL.

If you come by the Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat  
on the bayous?

EVANGELINE.

*[At the words of BASIL a shade passed over her face, Tears came into her eyes. With a tremulous accent]*

Gone? is Gabriel gone? *[Concealing her face on his shoulder,*

*All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.]*

BASIL.

Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,  
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,

He at length had become so tedious to men and to  
 maidens,  
 Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me and  
 sent him  
 Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the  
 Spaniards.  
 Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark  
 Mountains,  
 Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping  
 the beaver.  
 Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugi-  
 tive lover;  
 He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the  
 streams are against him.  
 Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew  
 of the morning  
 We will follow him fast and bring him back to his  
 prison.

[*All pass out.*]

CHORUS.

Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden  
 and Basil  
 Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to  
 o’ertake him.  
 Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke  
 of his camp-fire  
 Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but  
 at nightfall,  
 When they had reached the place, they found only  
 embers and ashes.  
 And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of  
 St. Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,  
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan  
forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to  
ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons  
and places

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering  
maiden;

Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Mis-  
sions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the  
army,

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous  
cities,

Like a phantom she came, and passed away unre-  
membered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long  
journey;

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it  
ended.

Each succeeding year stole something away from her  
beauty,

Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and  
the shadow.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Dela-  
ware's waters,

Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the  
apostle,

Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city  
he founded.

There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem  
 of beauty,  
 And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of  
 the forest,  
 As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose  
 haunts they molested.  
 There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed,  
 an exile,  
 Finding among the children of Penn a home and a  
 country.  
 There old René Leblanc had died; and when he de-  
 parted,  
 Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descend-  
 ants.  
 Something at least there was in the friendly streets  
 of the city,  
 Something that spake to her heart, and made her no  
 longer a stranger:  
 And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of  
 the Quakers,  
 For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,  
 Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and  
 sisters.  
 So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed en-  
 deavor,  
 Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncom-  
 plaining,  
 Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her  
 thoughts and her footsteps.  
 Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; fre-  
 quenting  
 Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of  
 the city,

Where distress and want concealed themselves from  
the sunlight,  
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.  
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the  
watchman repeated  
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in  
the city,  
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her  
taper.  
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow  
through the suburbs  
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits  
for the market,  
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its  
watchings.  
Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,  
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of  
wild pigeons,  
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in  
their claws but an acorn.  
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of  
September,  
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake  
in a meadow,  
So death flooded life, and o'erflowing its natural  
margin,  
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.  
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm,  
the oppressor;  
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his  
anger—



Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor  
 attendants,  
 Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the  
 homeless;  
 Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows  
 and woodlands—  
 Now the city surrounds it; but still with its gateway  
 and wicket  
 Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem  
 to echo  
 Softly the words of the Lord—“The poor ye always  
 have with you.”  
 Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of  
 Mercy. The dying  
 Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to be-  
 hold there  
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with  
 splendor,  
 Such as the artist paints o’er the brows of saints and  
 apostles,  
 Or such as hangs by night o’er a city seen at a dis-  
 tance.  
 Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celes-  
 tial,  
 Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would  
 enter.  
  
 Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, de-  
 serted and silent,  
 Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the  
 almshouse.  
 Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in  
 the garden;

And she paused on her way to gather the fairest  
among them,  
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.  
Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,  
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder  
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets  
dropped from her fingers,  
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.  
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,  
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.  
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.  
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;  
But as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment  
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;  
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.  
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,  
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,  
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over,

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit  
exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down to infinite depths in the  
darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and  
sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied  
reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that  
succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-  
like,

“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into  
silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of  
his childhood;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among  
them,

Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walk-  
ing under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his  
vision.

Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his  
eyelids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by  
his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents  
unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his  
tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling  
beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom;  
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank  
into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a  
casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the  
sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied long-  
ing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of pa-  
tience!

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her  
bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father,  
I thank thee!"

#### EPILOGUE.

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from  
its shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are  
sleeping.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-  
yard,

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and un-  
noticed;

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside  
them.

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at  
rest and forever,

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer  
are busy,

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased  
from their labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed  
 their journey!  
 Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade  
 of its branches  
 Dwells another race, with other customs and lan-  
 guage.  
 Only along the shore of the mournful and misty At-  
 lantic  
 Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from  
 exile  
 Wandered back to their native land to die in its  
 bosom;  
 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are  
 still busy;  
 Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kir-  
 tles of homespun,  
 And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
 While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neigh-  
 boring ocean  
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail  
 of the forest.

## TOMMY SEEKS THE RIGHT WORD

(Abridged)

From "Sentimental Tommy" by J. M. BARRIE; copyright, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Hugh Blackadder was a Thrums man who made a fortune in America, and bequeathed the interest of three hundred pounds of it to be competed for yearly by the youth of his native place. He had grown fond of Thrums and all its ways over there, and left directions that the prize should be given for the best essay in the Scots' tongue, the ministers of the town and glens to be the judges, the competitors to be boys who were going to college, but had not without it the wherewithal to support themselves.

The competitors this year were Lauchlan McLauchlan, tutored by Mr. Ogilvy, and Tommy, tutored by Mr. Cathro.

The subject of the essay was changed yearly. This time "A Day in Church" was announced, and immediately Lauchlan McLauchlan, who had not missed a service since his scarlet fever year, smote his red head in agony, while Tommy, who had missed as many as possible, looked calmly confident. For two hours the competitors were put into a small room communicating with the larger one, and Tommy began at once with a confident smirk that presently gave way to a most holy expression; while Lauchlan gaped at him and at last got started also, but had to pause occasionally to rub his face on his sleeve, for he was one of the kind who cannot think without perspiring.

In the large room the ministers gossiped about eternal

punishment, and of the two dominies one sat at his ease, like a passenger who knows that the coach will reach the goal without any exertion on his part, while the other paced the floor, with many a despondent glance through the open door whence the scraping proceeded; and the one was pleasantly cool; and the other in a plot of heat; and the one made genial remarks about every-day matters, and the answers of the other stood on their heads. It was a familiar comedy to Mr. Ogilvy, hardly a variation on what had happened five times in six for many years; the same scene, the same scraping in the little room, the same background of ministers, the same dominies; everything was as it had so often been, except that he and Cathro had changed places; it was Cathro who sat smiling now and Mr. Ogilvy who dolefully paced the floor.

"I'm an old fool," the Dominie admitted, "but I can't help being cast down. The fact is that—I have only heard the scrape of one pen for nearly an hour."

"Poor Lauchlan!" exclaimed Mr. Cathro, rubbing his hands gleefully, and indeed it was such a shameless exhibition that the Auld Licht minister said reproachfully, "You forget yourself, Mr. Cathro, let us not be unseemly exalted in the hour of our triumph."

Then Mr. Cathro sat upon his hands as the best way of keeping them apart, but the moment Mr. Dishart's back presented itself, he winked at Mr. Ogilvy.

He winked a good deal more presently.

For after all—how to tell it! Tommy was ignominiously beaten, making such a beggarly show that the judges thought it unnecessary to take the essays home with them for leisurely consideration before pronouncing Mr. Lauchlan McLauchlan winner. There was quite a commotion in the schoolroom. At the end of the allotted time the two com-

petitors had been told to hand in their essays, and how Mr. McLauchlan was sniggering is not worth recording, so dumfounded, confused and raging was Tommy. He clung to his papers, crying fiercely that the two hours could not be up yet, and Lauchlan having tried to keep the laugh in too long it exploded in his mouth, whereupon, said he, with a guffaw, "He hasna written a word for near an hour!"

"What! It was you I heard!" cried Mr. Ogilvy gleaming, while the unhappy Cathro tore the essay from Tommy's hands. Essay! It was no more an essay than a twig is a tree, for the gowk had stuck in the middle of his second page. Yes, stuck is the right expression, as his chagrined teacher had to admit when the boy was cross-examined. He had not been "up to some of his tricks," he had stuck, and his explanations, as you will admit, merely emphasized his incapacity.

He had brought himself to public scorn for lack of a word. What word? they asked testily, but even now he could not tell. He had wanted a Scotch word that would signify how many people were in church, and it was on the tip of his tongue but would come no farther. Puckle was nearly the word, but it did not mean so many people as he meant. The hour had gone by just like winking; he had forgotten all about time while searching his mind for the word.

When Mr. Ogilvy heard this he seemed to be much impressed, repeatedly he nodded his head as some beat time to music, and he muttered to himself, "The right word—yes, that 's everything," and " 'the time went by like winking'—exactly, precisely," and he would have liked to examine Tommy's bumps, but did not, nor said a word aloud, for was he not there in McLauchlan's interest?

The other five were furious; even Mr. Lorrimer, though



his man had won, could not smile in face of such imbecility. "You little tattie doolie," Cathro roared, "were there not a dozen words to wile from if you had an ill-will to puckle? What ailed you at manzy, or—"

"I thought of manzy," replied Tommy, wofully, for he was ashamed of himself, "but—but a manzy 's a swarm. It would mean that the folk in the kirk were buzzing thegither like bees, instead of sitting still."

"Even if it does mean that," said Mr. Duthie, with impatience, "what was the need of being so particular? Surely the art of essay-writing consists in using the first word that comes and hurrying on."

"That's how I did," said the proud McLauchlan, who is now leader of a party in the church, and a figure in Edinburgh during the month of May.

"I see," interposed Mr. Gloag, "that McLauchlan speaks of there being a mask of people in the church. Mask is a fine Scotch word."

"Admirable," assented Mr. Dishart.

"I thought of mask," whimpered Tommy, "but that would mean the kirk was crammed, and I just meant it to be middling full."

"Flow would have done," suggested Mr. Lorrimer.

"Flow 's but a handful," said Tommy.

"Curran, then, you jackanapes!"

"Curran 's not enough."

Mr. Lorrimer flung up his hands in despair.

"I wanted something between curran and mask," said Tommy, dogged, yet almost at the crying.

Mr. Ogilvy, who had been hiding his admiration with difficulty, spread a net for him. "You said you wanted a word that meant middling full. Well, why did you not say middling full—or fell mask?"

"Yes, why not?" demanded the ministers, unconsciously caught in the net.

"I wanted one word," replied Tommy, unconsciously avoiding it.

"You jewel!" muttered Mr. Ogilvy under his breath, but Mr. Cathro would have banged the boy's head had not the ministers interfered.

"It is so easy, too, to find the right word," said Mr. Gloag.

"It's not; it's as difficult as to hit a squirrel," cried Tommy, and again Mr. Ogilvy nodded approval.

But the ministers were only pained.

"The lad is merely a numskull," said Mr. Dishart, kindly.

"And no teacher could have turned him into anything else," said Mr. Duthie.

"And so, Cathro, you need not feel sore over your defeat," added Mr. Gloag, but nevertheless Cathro took Tommy by the neck and ran him out of the parish school of Thrums. When he returned to the others he found the ministers congratulating McLauchlan, whose nose was in the air, and complimenting Mr. Ogilvy, who listened to their formal phrases solemnly and accepted their hand-shakes with a dry chuckle.

"Aye, grin away, sir," the mortified dominie of Thrums said to him sourly, "the joke is on your side."

"You are right, sir," replied Mr. Ogilvy, mysteriously, "the joke is on my side, and the best of it is that not one of you knows what the joke is!"

And then an odd thing happened. As they were preparing to leave the school, the door opened a little and there appeared in the aperture the face of Tommy, tear-stained,

but excited. "I ken the word now," he cried, "it came to me a' at once; it is hantle!"

The door closed with a victorious bang, just in time to prevent Cathro—

"Oh, the sumph!" exclaimed Mr. Lauchlan McLauchlan, "as if it mattered what the word is now!"

And said Mr. Dishart, "Cathro, you had better tell Aaron Latta that the sooner he sends this nincompoop to the herding the better."

But Mr. Ogilvy giving his Lauchlan a push that nearly sent him sprawling, said in an ecstasy to himself, "He *had* to think of it till he got it—and he got it. The laddie is a genius!" They were about to tear up Tommy's essay, but he snatched it from them and put it in his outer pocket. "I am a collector of curiosities," he explained, "and this paper may be worth money yet."

"Well," said Cathro savagely, "I have one satisfaction; I ran him out of my school."

"Who knows," replied Mr. Ogilvy, "but what you may be proud to dust a chair for him when he comes back?"

NOTE.—To one reading the complete story of "Sentimental Tommy" it is interesting to know that his genius really showed itself and he became a great author.

# DRAMATIZATION OF THE LITTLE GIRL WHO HELPED

By MARY K. Q. BRUSH

From *St. Nicholas*, November, 1916.

Time—1491-1493

Place—Spain

## CHARACTERS

NIÑA. A pretty little dark eyed girl, dressed in white blouse, red velvet laced bodice, yellow skirt, sandals tied on in Grecian fashion.

JUANA. A peasant woman, dressed in very gaudy Spanish costume, lace mantilla, red rose.

VILLAGE WOMAN. Dressed in Spanish peasant costume.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. Bloomers, laced jerkin, full blouse, cape.

## FIRST SCENE

[NIÑA, *staff in hand, is gazing wistfully toward the town.*]

JUANA. Come, child, the geese are waiting to be fed, and I must be off.

NIÑA. Oh, Juana, where are you going, and may I go too? I get so tired of tending to the fowls!

JUANA. [*Laughing.*] And who would watch the geese? And suppose the wicked Moors should come. I am an old woman compared to you, Niña, and this is the first time I shall see our good King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. It

was a lucky day for me when our army encamped so near to us. [*Goes into hut.*]

NIÑA. [*Mixing feed in a pail.*] Well I know what the cruel Moors would do, for they killed my father and mother and—oh, it is too lovely a day to be sad! [*Laughing.*] Ah, here is Señorita Juana! [*Bows low to her.*]

JUANA. [*With mantilla and red rose added to dress.*] Do I really look young?

NIÑA. Oho! Haha! Juana, whither away! You look as youthful as a señorita! [*Fingering mantilla.*] You must have spent a full half hour draping that mantilla! And oh, the proud air with which you wear that beautiful red rose and your fan! All the people will look at you to-day and nudge one another, for you do look like a marquesa! [*Dances around Juana, bowing as to a fine lady.*]

JUANA. Now, now, child! Be sure to stay by the hut and be on the lookout for the Moors, child! They may swoop down at any time like hawks, the bold black creatures!

NIÑA. Yes—but oh, how I wish I could go too. Roderigo Herando told me this morning as he went by, driving his herd of goats to feed on the grassy slopes of Xoliar, that all last night there was much going on in the barraca—for the King and Queen are to ride forth to-day to watch the knights display their skill—the armorers were at work on helmet and cuirass and polishing swords; grooms were making the splendid horses' sides shine like satin, and tails and manes look like waving silk; heralds, drummers and trumpeters were adding to the din. But woe is me! if it were exciting last night just among the servitors and pages and squires, what will it be to-day, when the nobles ride forth

with royalty at their head! [*Clasps her hands in sudden ecstasy.*]

JUANA. To-morrow, I shall tell you all about it. Now, child, I must go. [*Waves farewell.*]

NIÑA. [*Gazing wistfully after her.*] Juana deserves her day's outing. —Eh, shall I call it night because of a black cloud!—Juana has worked hard all the week at her mat-weaving and the garden-tending. Besides she has been good to me. Few and far between are the folk ready to give a poor orphan a home. I must not blame her because she thought it not wise to take me, a little maid, down among the noisy crowd. And oh, she left me a very fine dinner,—bread, figs, fish, and the goat's-milk cheese, yes, and sugared cakes.—After I have tidied up the hut and fed the fowls, I'll take my victuals down to the ravine yonder, where it is cool and shady, and eat my meal there. [*Runs out.*]

## SECOND SCENE

NIÑA. [*Drinking cup in hand.*] The water from this stream is always so good. [*Jumps back very frightened.*]

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. Aha! a little maid, too, has sought the pleasant shelter of this cool retreat! Is she willing, I wonder, to share some of this refreshing water with a weary wayfarer?

NIÑA. [*Reassured by his sweet voice.*] Oh, surely, good sir, only wait a brief space, [*As Christopher Columbus starts to stoop to get the water.*] I pray you. [*Gives him the cup of water.*]

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. Ah, that was good! Many

thanks, little maid. Of a truth Ferdinand of Aragon has no more ready and courteous cup-bearer! As for the water, it is most refreshing—so cold that it almost seems to have a touch of ice in it.

NIÑA. No wonder, sir. Indeed, Juana says that the stream comes from the cold heart of yonder mountain.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. I doubt it not! But who is Juana? Your elder sister?

NIÑA. [*Laughing.*] She—Juana? Ah, no! [*Sadly.*] But she is good to me. The wicked Moors,—but, oh, will this war ever end—they killed my father and mother and Juana gave me a home here and fed me. She has gone to see the review of the troops to-day, to see the King and Queen. I should love to see it all, to see the Queen! Have you ever seen our Queen Isabella?

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. Yes, yes,—so you wanted to go to the merry-making, the jousting, to see the gaiety and glitter of it all? Well, well, no wonder! And no blame to you, my dear! 'Tis a child's sport after all,—this waving of banners, blare of trumpets, and flaunting of tinsel attire, this mimicry and silly mockery,—all the more suited to one of your years than it is to men and women over whom the war-cloud still hovers, black and ominous! For, my child, the Moors are not yet vanquished, nor is Granada fallen! Moreover, there are other things of mighty import to engage the minds of brave knights, thoughtful prelates, and wise, far-sighted monarchs. Yes, [*with far-away look in his eyes*] mighty schemes!—[*Turning again to Niña.*] Pray lend me your cup again, my dear. The cold water is refreshing, and will help fill a stomach that has gone fasting for nigh twenty-four hours.

NIÑA. [*After handing cup steps over to her lunch and fingers it lovingly. Looks in a disturbed manner from it to the man. Then speaks aside.*] He could eat every crumb, and still leave much space. [*Straightens herself and walks firmly over to him.*] How now, sir, say you not that I am a little fairy? Here is food, and may it be quite to your liking. Eat sir, I pray you!

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. [*Pleased tone.*] Fairy, indeed! This is a feast fit for her Majesty, Queen Isabella! Truly I am not sorry that I wandered into this ravine after losing my way trying to find a short course to Huelva. But, little maiden, doubtless this food was intended for yourself; it would be unkind in me to deprive you of it.

NIÑA. Oh, give yourself no uneasiness. We'll eat it together, an it please you, my dear sir. [*Breaking off a tiny piece of the bread.*] Behold, now I help myself to a bit of bread,—some fish, too, just a tiny piece, for you see, I had a very hearty breakfast this morning. But as for you, sir, you have gone without for so long a time. Now partake heartily, you must be very hungry.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. [*Finishing eating.*] Many thanks, dear child! I am loath to leave such pleasant company, but I must be going. Truly, fine rest and refreshment have I found here. I was more weary than I thought. We mariners are more accustomed to treading the decks of our vessels than we are to climbing among the rocky defiles of these mountains.

NIÑA. [*Staring intently.*] Mariners! Oh, now I know who you are! You are Christobal Colon, the sailor, the man everybody is talking about!



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. Talking about? Not to my praise, I warrant!—And pray, what do they say? I'm no woman, yet I have a share of curiosity!

NIÑA. Well, some of them did call you strange names, I remember. A—a—visionary—a fanatic. I know not what such things mean; nothing very bad, I'm sure, [*smiling*] but is it true, good sir, that you believe the world is round in its shape and that if you were to keep on sailing westward you'd come to land?

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. The first is true, most assuredly! And, [*slowly*] I hope to be able to say yes to your second question. Little maid, tell me,—for it is said in Holy Writ that out of the mouths of babes cometh wisdom,—tell me, what ought a man to do when his whole being is filled with a mighty project, and yet when everything seems against him, when friends are fickle, foes violent, and royalty turns away coldly?

NIÑA. What ought he to do? [*Cheerily.*] Why sir, I am but a small maid, and have not much wisdom, but still I think the man must go right ahead, and never, never, *never* give up! I heard our good teacher say once that no man fails as long as he keeps his heart pure and his faith and courage bright and strong.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. [*Placing hand reverently on child's head, stoops and kisses her on forehead.*] Thank you, my little maid! Thank you for your food and drink, your courtesy and kindness, and above all, for your brave words. And now, good-by. May God, Maker and Keeper of all seas and lands, bless and guard you always—always! As for me, [*aside*] I return to the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, once again *to try—to try!*

## THIRD SCENE

[JUANA sits weaving; NIÑA moving about tending to the housework. RODERIGO HERANDO rushes in.]

RODERIGO. [*Rushing in, excitedly.*] Have you heard the news? Great news for Spain!

JUANA. How now, Roderigo,—you are excited, but 'tis ever thus. What is it now? Would you away on some mysterious voyage again? Is it another Christobal Colon come to our town? I remember but a few months ago that you, excited as now, would go with that dreamer Christobal Colon who sailed away in search of a great round world. Oho! a disappointed lad you were that your mother would not let you go with him.

RODERIGO. That's just it, Juana! That is the news! Oh, if my mother had only let me go! He has found the great round world, or if not that, then he has found a great new world.

NIÑA. [*Who has drawn nearer and is listening with wide open eyes.*] Oh, tell us, good Roderigo, tell us all about it! He was my friend—I knew him. I talked with him that day in the copse when I shared my dinner with him. He was so hungry!

RODERIGO. Yes, yes, Niña, I remember well the morning of the great feast day when you wanted to go to see the merry-making and the jousting.

NIÑA. Yes, Juana went that day and looked so gay and you told me all about it.

JUANA. That day the noble King and our gracious Queen passed by and it was said that Christobal Colon, the visionary, was to have audience with them.

RODERIGO. To-day every man's tongue is wagging. They repeat the news over and over again. Christobal Colon the fanatic! the visionary! with his strange thoughts has discovered a new world and it belongs to Spain, our own land Spain! They say that the country is big and beautiful and rich! And that Spain will become bigger and richer and grander than ever because of the great treasures of this new land. And all this to the honor of one man who dared to sail away toward the west in an unknown ocean, with three little Spanish ships, the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta* and the *Niña*. The smallest ship he called the *Niña*! Your name, little one!

NIÑA. [*Dancing with delight.*] The *Niña*! Oh, I am so glad his vision came true! So glad that he didn't give up—that he kept on trying! And to think that he named one of his ships the *Niña*! Oh, I am so glad I was able to help him a little bit—giving him courage to go on trying—trying to find that big, new country! Juana, Juana dear, should Christobal Colon come again to Huelva you will take me to the merry-making, won't you? I want to see the great mariner again and he will tell me about his voyage and the wonderful new land,—I know he will.

JUANA and RODERIGO. [*Laughing.*] Yes, dear, we shall all go to the merry-making together. [*All go out talking gaily.*]

EPILOGUE. Now, I pray you, you who heard our little play, listen. If, away back in that dim, distant country, a

poor little Spanish lass was self-denying and willing to do her bit of service toward the winning out of a struggle for a new land, may you, little maids, who belong to that land and enjoy its rare blessings, prove your patriotism by keeping your hearts pure and good, true and loyal toward America, the well beloved—the country brave Christopher Columbus discovered after much pain and patience, much suffering and self-sacrifice.

## RIP VAN WINKLE

From "The Sketch Book" by WASHINGTON IRVING

[A Posthumous Writing of Diedrich Knickerbocker]

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant; (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small, yellow

bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and, if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and

told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm. It was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country. Everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do: so that, though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his manage-

ment acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son, Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house,—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked



upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell; his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs; he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle; and, at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on. A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George III. Here they used to sit in the shade of a long, lazy, summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster,—a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary! and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

The opinions of this junta were completely controlled

by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand

by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and, if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene. Evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long, blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening

air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but, supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion, —a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist; several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but, supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the

brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for, though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion. Some wore short doublets; others, jerkins, with long knives in their belts; and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar. One had a large head, broad face, and small, piggish eyes. The face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance. He wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of

the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling. They quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Holland. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes. It was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes; and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep,—the strange man with a keg of liquor, the mountain ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woe-begone party at nine-pins, the flagon. "Oh, that wicked flagon!" thought Rip: "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle!"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean,

well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared; but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain: the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and, if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called

and whistled after his dog. He was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun, he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew; which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows: everything was strange. His mind now misgave him. He began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the



day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly."

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay,—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name; but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut, indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears. He called loudly for his wife and children: the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety, wooden building stood in its place, with great, gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats; and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap; and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. All this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful

pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, "General Washington."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills was haranguing vehemently about the rights of citizens, election, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill heroes of seventy-six, and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was a Federal or a Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and, planting

himself before Van Winkle,—with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane; his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul,—demanded in an austere tone what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village. “Alas! gentlemen,” cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, “I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject to the King, God bless him!”

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: “A Tory, a Tory! A spy! A refugee! Hustle him! Away with him!” It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order, and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

“Well, who are they? Name them.”

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, “Where ’s Nicholas Vedder?”

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice, “Nicholas Vedder! Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that ’s rotten and gone, too.”

“Where ’s Brom Dutcher?”

“Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in the squall at the foot of Anthony’s Nose. I don’t know; he never came back again.”

“Where ’s Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?”

“He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress.”

Rip’s heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand,—war, Congress, Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, “Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?”

“Oh, Rip Van Winkle!” exclaimed two or three. “Oh, to be sure! that ’s Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree.”

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain, apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

“God knows!” exclaimed he, at his wits’ end. “I ’m not myself: I ’m somebody else. That ’s me yonder. No, that ’s somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night: but I fell asleep on the mountain; and they ’ve changed my gun; and everything ’s changed; and I ’m changed; and I can’t tell what ’s my name, or who I am!”

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby

child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she. "Hush, you little fool! The old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle. It's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask, but he put it with a faltering voice:—

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since. She broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he,—“young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! It is Rip Van Winkle! It is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when

they heard it. Some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head, upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses, playing at ninepins in the hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he

was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor,—how that there had been a revolutionary war; that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England, and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George III, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician,—the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him,—but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was, petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end. He had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless

owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related; and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Catskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.



## KING ROBERT OF SICILY

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Appareled in magnificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and squire,  
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat  
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.  
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes  
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;*"  
And slowly lifting up his kingly head  
He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer  
meet,  
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree."  
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,  
" 'Tis well that such seditious words are sung  
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;  
For unto priests and people be it known,  
There is no power can push me from my throne!"  
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,  
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.  
When he awoke, it was already night;  
The church was empty, and there was no light,  
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,

Lighted a little space before some saint.  
He started from his seat and gazed around,  
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.  
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;  
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,  
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,  
And imprecations upon men and saints.  
The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls  
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without  
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,  
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"  
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,  
"Open: 't is I, the King! Art thou afraid?"  
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,  
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"  
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;  
A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,  
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,  
But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
And vanished like a specter from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,  
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,  
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;  
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage  
To right and left each seneschal and page,

And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,  
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.  
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;  
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,  
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,  
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,  
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,  
But all transfigured with angelic light!  
It was an Angel; and his presence there  
With a divine effulgence filled the air,  
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,  
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,  
Who met his look of anger and surprise  
With the divine compassion of his eyes;  
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"  
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,  
"I am the King, and come to claim my own  
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"  
And suddenly, at these audacious words,  
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;  
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,  
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou  
Henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped cape,  
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;  
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,  
And wait upon the henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,

They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;  
A group of tittering pages ran before,  
And as they opened wide the folding-door,  
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,  
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring  
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,  
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"  
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,  
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,  
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,  
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,  
And in the corner, a revolting shape,  
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.  
It was no dream; the world he loved so much  
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again  
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;  
Under the Angel's governance benign  
The happy island danced with corn and wine,  
And deep within the mountain's burning breast,  
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.  
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,  
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.  
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,  
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,  
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,  
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,  
His only friend the ape, his only food  
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.

And when the Angel met him on his way,  
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,  
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel  
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,  
“Art thou the King?” the passion of his woe  
Burst from him in resistless overflow,  
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling  
The haughty answer back, “I am, I am the King!”

Almost three years were ended; when there came  
Ambassadors of great repute and name  
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane  
By letter summoned them forthwith to come  
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.  
The Angel with great joy received his guests,  
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,  
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,  
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.  
Then he departed with them o’er the sea  
Into the lovely land of Italy,  
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made  
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,  
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir  
Of jeweled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,  
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,  
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,  
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
In all the country towns through which they  
went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare  
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,  
Giving his benediction and embrace,  
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.  
While with congratulations and with prayers  
He entertained the Angel unawares,  
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,  
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,  
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me  
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!  
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,  
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.  
Do you not know me? does no voice within  
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"  
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,  
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;  
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport  
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"  
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace  
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,  
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;  
The presence of the Angel, with its light,  
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,  
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.  
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,  
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,  
He felt within a power unfelt before,  
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,  
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord  
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more  
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,  
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again  
The land was made resplendent with his train,  
Flashing along the towns of Italy  
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.  
And when once more within Palermo's wall,  
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,  
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,  
As if the better world conversed with ours,  
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,  
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;  
And when they were alone, the Angel said,  
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,  
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,  
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!  
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,  
And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,  
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face  
A holy light illumined all the place,  
And through the open window, loud and clear,  
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,  
Above the stir and tumult of the street:  
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree!"  
And through the chant a second melody  
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:  
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,

Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!  
But all appareled as in days of old,  
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;  
And when his courtiers came, they found him there  
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.



# THE GREAT STONE FACE

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log-huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hill-sides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, high-land rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton-factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which

had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage-door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on

him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!"

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman,

and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log-cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name—but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname

that had grown out of his habits and success in life—was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And, when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and

that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact, when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farm-house. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then, a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had

been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain-side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

“Here he comes!” cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. “Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!”

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of the old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

“The very image of the Great Stone Face!” shouted the people. “Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man, come at last!”

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out

their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw—the very same that had clawed together so much wealth—poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed,—

“He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!”

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

“He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!”

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be molded on the defaced example of other



human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul,—simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy,—he beheld the marvelous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain-side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battlefield under the nickname

of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aid-de-camp of Old Blood-and-Thunder, traveling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over

the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain-side.

"'T is the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that 's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He 's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-

breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm, served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking an habitual breadth of view, with all his simplicity, he contended that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

“The general! the general!” was now the cry. “Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder’s going to make a speech.”

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general’s health had been drunk, amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder’s visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

“This is not the man of prophecy,” sighed Ernest to

himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain-side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But—as it always did—the aspect of his marvelous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him,—“fear not, Ernest; he will come.”

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by, that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path,

yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and molded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain-side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war,—the song of

peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success,—when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates,—after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore,—it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the Presidency. Before this time,—indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated,—his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz. The phrase was considered as giving a highly favorable aspect to his political prospects; for, as is likewise the case with the Popedom, nobody ever becomes President without taking a name other than his own.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the State, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature, that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high when it should come. So now again, as buoy-

antly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain-side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback; militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvelous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains; so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice, to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting, with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.



“Here he is, now!” cried those who stood near Ernest. “There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin-brothers!”

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

“Confess it,” said one of Ernest’s neighbors to him, “the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!”

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain-side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvelously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still, Ernest’s neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

“Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?”

“No!” said Ernest, bluntly, “I see little or no likeness.”

“Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!” answered his neighbor; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent: for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

“Lo, here I am, Ernest!” the benign lips seemed to say. “I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come.”

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another’s heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone,—a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage,

statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fullness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way; and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own

handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

The effect was no less high and beautiful, when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness; she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage-door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked

hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet-bag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage-door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed

them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their minds accorded into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts, so remote, and hitherto so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then,—for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy; and, when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

“And why?” asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. “Are not those thoughts divine?”

“They have a strain of the Divinity,” replied the poet. “You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived—and that, too, by my own choice—among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even—shall I dare to say it?—I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness, which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me, in yonder image of the divine?”

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a

grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted,—

“Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!”

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-



sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

## OUR COUNTRY AND OUR FLAG

(NOTE.—The following quotations have been collected from various sources.)

1ST SPEAKER.

“Hats off! [*Stands at salute.*]

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky.

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!  
Blue, and crimson, and white it shines,  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;  
But more than the flag is passing by.”

[*The FLAG CAPTAIN stands at the front of assembly or classroom throughout the exercise, holding the flag. This first selection is effective if the FLAG CAPTAIN recites it as he steps to the front.*]

2ND SPEAKER. “I come with a full heart and a steady hand to salute the flag that floats before me—my flag and your flag—the flag of the Union—the flag of the free heart’s hope and home—the star-spangled banner of our fathers—the flag that, uplifted triumphantly over a few brave men, has never been obscured. The flag destined by the God of the universe to waft on its ample folds the eternal song of freedom to all mankind.”

3RD SPEAKER.

“Hail, banner of glory! Hail, banner of light!  
Whose fame lives in story, whose folds cheer my sight;  
Our Union is fast, and our homes ever sure,  
Our freedom shall last while the world shall endure,  
Then hail to the banner whose folds wave in glory,  
Let the free breezes fan her, and whisper her story.”

4TH SPEAKER. “Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine right of liberty in man.*”

5TH SPEAKER. “It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the Government. It is the free people that stand in the government on the Constitution.”

6TH SPEAKER. “It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state. The two together signify union past and present.”

7TH SPEAKER. “The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together—bunting, stripes, stars, and colors, blazing in the sky—make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.”

8TH SPEAKER. "There is now no nation which is not familiar with the Stars and Stripes. To millions of men in other lands it is an emblem of popular liberty and human rights."

9TH SPEAKER.

"I love my country's pine-clad hills,  
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,  
Her sunshine and her storms;  
Her forests and her valleys fair,  
Her flowers that scent the morning air,  
All have their charms for me;  
But more I love my country's name,  
Those words that echo deathless fame,  
'The Land of Liberty.' "

10TH SPEAKER. "Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And by the blessings of God may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever."

11TH SPEAKER. "And over our country floats the Star-Spangled Banner which proclaims that our continent has been dedicated to freedom."

12TH SPEAKER.

"Oh, flag of a resolute nation,  
Oh, flag of the strong and the free,  
The cherished of true-hearted millions,  
We hallow thy colors three.

"Three proud, floating emblems of glory,  
Our guide for the coming time;

The red, white and blue, in their beauty,  
Love gives them a meaning sublime.”

13TH SPEAKER. Let us salute the flag of our country!  
[*All rise.*]

FLAG CAPTAIN. Color Guard, to the front, march!  
[*The piano playing “To the Colors.”*]

[*When the Color Guard arrives at the front and center, the CAPTAIN delivers the colors to the Color Sergeant, the Guard and Captain saluting.*]

About face! [*The Color Sergeant and Guard face the class or school.*] Right hand salute! [*Executed by the class or school and at the same time the Colors are dipped.*]

CLASS OR SCHOOL. [*Holding right hand in salute.*] “I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all.”

[*The Star-Spangled Banner is then sung.*]

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh! say can you see, by the dawn’s early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight’s last gleaming;  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro’ the clouds of  
the fight,

O’er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly stream-  
ing?

And the rocket’s red glare, the bombs bursting in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;

Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave

O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;

'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved home and wild war's desolation;  
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a  
nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

—*Francis Scott Key.*

# SCENES FROM "THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH"

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

## FIRST SCENE

[*In the home of MILES STANDISH.*]

[MILES STANDISH *walking thoughtfully up and down the room*; JOHN ALDEN *busily writing at table.*]

## PROLOGUE

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the  
Pilgrims,

To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,  
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,  
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish, the Puritan  
Captain.

Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him,  
and pausing

Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,  
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—

NOTE.—On September 6, 1620, the *Mayflower* sailed from England with one hundred and one passengers, among them being Miles Standish and his wife Rose, Elder Brewster, Stephen Hopkins, Richard Warren, Gilbert Winslow, Jones, captain of the ship, John Alden, and Priscilla Mullens or Molines, all of whom are mentioned in the poem.

—From Young's "Chronicles."

NOTE.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (February 27, 1807–March 24, 1882) was a direct descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, two Pilgrims who came over in the *Mayflower* in 1620.

Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of  
Damascus,

Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic  
sentence,

While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket,  
and match-lock.

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,  
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and  
sinews of iron;

Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was  
already

Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in No-  
vember.

Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household  
companion,

Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the  
window;

Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,  
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the  
captives

Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but  
Angels."

Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the *May-  
flower*.

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the  
stripling.

Busily writing epistles important, to go by the *Mayflower*,  
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God  
willing!

Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,  
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,  
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden  
Priscilla!



MILES STANDISH. [*Proudly.*]

Look at these arms, the warlike weapons that hang here  
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or  
inspection!

This [*picking up sword*] is the sword of Damascus I  
fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,

Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a  
skirmish;

Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet  
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.  
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of  
Miles Standish

Would at this moment be mold, in their grave in the  
Flemish morasses.

JOHN ALDEN.

Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed  
of the bullet;

He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and  
our weapon!

MILES STANDISH.

See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal  
hanging;

That is because I have done it myself, and not left it  
to others.

Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent  
adage;

So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and  
your inkhorn.

[JOHN ALDEN, *looking up, nods, then continues writing.*]

Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible  
army,

Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his  
matchlock,  
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and  
pillage,  
And, [*smiling*] like Cæsar, I know the name of each  
of my soldiers!

[JOHN ALDEN *laughs heartily.*]

Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer  
planted

High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks  
to the purpose,

Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible  
logic,

Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of  
the heathen.

Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the  
Indians:

Let them come, if they like [*in warlike manner*] and the  
sooner they try it the better,—

Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or  
powwow,

Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokama-  
hamon!

[*Gazes out of the window. A sad expression on face.*]

Yonder there, [*with great emotion*] on the hill by the  
sea, lies buried Rose Standish;

Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the  
wayside!

She was the first to die of all who came in the *May-  
flower!*

Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have  
sown there,

Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our  
people,  
Lest they should count them and see how many already  
have perished!

[*Thoughtfully walks back and forth in the room; then  
stepping to a shelf of books takes down the “Com-  
mentaries of Cæsar” and seating himself begins to  
read.*]

A wonderful man was this Cæsar! [*smiting the book  
with his hand*]

You are a writer, John Alden, and I am a fighter, but  
here is a fellow

Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally  
skilful!

JOHN ALDEN.

Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen  
and his weapons.

Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could  
dictate

Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his  
memoirs.

MILES STANDISH.

Truly, truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!  
Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,  
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when  
he said it.

Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many  
times after;

Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities  
he conquered;

He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;  
Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,

When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,

And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together

There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,

Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,

Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;

Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;

So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.

That 's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!

[*Continues reading. Suddenly shuts book with a bang, and jumps up.*]

When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.

Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!

JOHN ALDEN. [*Respectfully, pushing papers aside.*]

Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,

Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish.

MILES STANDISH. [*Hesitatingly.*]

“ 'Tis not good for a man to be alone,” say the Scriptures.

This I have said before, and again and again I repeat  
it;

Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say  
it.

Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and  
dreary;

Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friend-  
ship.

Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden  
Priscilla.

She is alone in the world; her father and mother and  
brother

Died in the winter together; I saw her going and  
coming,

Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of  
the dying,

Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself,  
that if ever

There were angels on earth, as there are angels in  
heaven,

Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose  
name is Priscilla

Holds in my desolate life the place which the other  
abandoned.

Long have I cherished the thought, but never have  
dared to reveal it,

Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the  
most part.

Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of  
Plymouth,

Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but  
of actions,

Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of  
a soldier.

Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my  
meaning;

I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant  
language,

Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and  
wooings of lovers,

Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of  
a maiden.

JOHN ALDEN. [*Trying to mask his surprise and great  
dismay by treating the subject with lightness.*]

Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and  
mar it;

If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating  
your maxim,—

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to  
others!

MILES STANDISH. [*Gravely.*] Truly the maxim is good,  
and I do not mean to gainsay it;

But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder  
for nothing.

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.  
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place  
to surrender,

But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare  
not.

I 'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth  
of a cannon,

But of a thundering "No!" point-blank from the  
mouth of a woman,

That I confess I 'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to  
confess it!

So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant  
scholar,

Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning  
of phrases.

[*Taking JOHN ALDEN'S hand and holding it firmly.*]

Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the  
feeling that prompts me;

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of  
our friendship!

JOHN ALDEN.

The name of friendship is sacred;

What you demand in that name, I have not the power  
to deny you!

Yes, I will go to the maiden Priscilla, and deliver to  
her your message.

[*Goes out slowly, with head bent.*]

## SECOND SCENE

AT PRISCILLA'S HOME

CHORUS.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his  
errand,

Out of the streets of the village, and into the paths of  
the forests,

Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins  
were building

Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens  
of verdure,

Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.

All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict.

Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.

To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,

As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel, Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!

“Must I relinquish it all,” he cried with a wild lamentation,—

“Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?

Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshiped in silence?

Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow

Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?”

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;

Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,

Gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers blooming around him,

Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,

Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.

“Puritan flowers,” he said, “and the type of Puritan maidens,



Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!

So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the Mayflower of Plymouth,

Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;

Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,

Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver.”

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand.

[PRISCILLA, *seated at spinning wheel, singing.* JOHN ALDEN *enters, carrying the Mayflowers.*]

PRISCILLA. [*Singing.* Tune “Old Hundred.”]

“Bow to Jehovah all the earth.

Serve ye Jehovah with gladness; before him come with singing mirth.

Know that Jehovah he God is. It’s he that made us and not we, his flock and sheep of his feeding.

Oh, with confession enter ye his gates, his courtyard with praising. Confess to him, bless ye his name.

Because Jehovah he good is; his mercy is the same, and his faith unto all ages.”

[*Rising, gives JOHN ALDEN her hand.*] I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;

For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning.

[JOHN ALDEN *awkwardly hands her the flowers and silently sits down in the chair she places for him.*]

JOHN ALDEN.

To-morrow, all will be hurrying down to the seashore,

Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the *May-flower*,  
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving us here in  
the desert.

PRISCILLA.

I have been thinking all day,  
Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the  
hedgerows of England,—  
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a  
garden;  
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark  
and the linnet,  
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors  
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,  
And, at the end of the street, the village church with  
the ivy  
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in  
the churchyard.  
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my  
religion;  
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old  
England.  
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost  
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely  
and wretched.

JOHN ALDEN.

Indeed I do not condemn you;  
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this  
terrible winter.  
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to  
lean on;

[*Bluntly.*] So I have come to you now, with an offer  
and proffer of marriage  
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Cap-  
tain of Plymouth!

PRISCILLA. [*For a moment mute with amazement and sorrow.*]

If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to  
wed me,  
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to  
woo me?  
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the  
winning!

JOHN ALDEN.

The Captain is busy; he is not a maker of phrases;  
He has no time for such things!

PRISCILLA.

Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before  
he is married,  
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the  
wedding?  
That is the way with you men; you don't understand  
us, you cannot.  
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of  
this one and that one,  
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with an-  
other,  
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and  
sudden avowal,  
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps,  
that a woman

Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,  
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you  
have been climbing.  
This is not right nor just; for surely a woman's affection  
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.  
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.  
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,  
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me,  
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen.

JOHN ALDEN.

Old and rough, yes, but brave and skilful!  
Think of the battles he won in Flanders; how with the people of God  
He has chosen to suffer affliction.  
And in return for his zeal they made him Captain of Plymouth;  
He is a gentleman born, can trace his pedigree plainly  
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,  
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;  
He was heir to vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded;  
[*As JOHN ALDEN speaks PRISCILLA'S indignant expression gradually changes to an amused one.*]  
He is a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;

Though he is rough, he is kindly ; you know how during  
the winter  
He attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as a  
woman's ;  
Somewhat hasty and hot, I cannot deny it, and head-  
strong,  
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable  
always.  
Not to be laughed at and scorned because he is little  
of stature ;  
For he is great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, cour-  
ageous ;  
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,  
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of  
Miles Standish !

PRISCILLA. [*Tremulously but with laughing eyes.*]

Why don't you speak for yourself, John ?

[JOHN ALDEN *rushes out*, and PRISCILLA, *singing*, goes  
back to her spinning.]

### THIRD SCENE

CHORUS.

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewil-  
dered,  
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the  
seaside ;  
Paced up and down the sand, and bared his head to the  
east wind,  
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within  
him.

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and  
tossing,  
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the  
seashore.  
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of pas-  
sions contending;  
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded  
and bleeding,  
Passionate cries of desire, and importune pleadings of  
duty!  
“Is it my fault,” he said, “that the maiden has chosen  
between us?  
Is it my fault that he failed,—my fault that I am the  
victor?”

[MILES STANDISH *sitting alone, absorbed in the martial  
pages of “Cæsar.”* JOHN ALDEN *enters.*]

MILES STANDISH. [*Cheerily.*]

Long have you been on your errand,  
Not far off is the house, although the woods are between  
us;  
But you have lingered so long, that while you were  
going and coming  
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished  
a city.  
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has  
happened.

JOHN ALDEN.

I went to the maiden Priscilla, and gave her your  
message;  
I told her of our friendship, and reminded her of your  
goodness to all our people.

She listened in silence and then said, [*hesitatingly*]  
“Why don’t you speak for yourself, John?”

MILES STANDISH. [*In great anger.*]

John Alden! you have betrayed me!

Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!

Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred!

[*Striding up and down. A man appears at the doorway. Whispers excitedly to MILES STANDISH, who takes down his sword, buckles on his belt, and passes outside where the council impatiently awaited him.*]

[*Men of Council gravely talking. ELDER OF PLYMOUTH standing. Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant.*]

ELDER OF PLYMOUTH. [*Raising hand to stop the excited murmur of voices.*]

Peace! peace—far better than any be slain!

MILES STANDISH. [*Angrily.*]

What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?

Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted

There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?

Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage  
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth  
of the cannon!

ELDER OF PLYMOUTH.

Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;

Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire  
they spake with!

MILES STANDISH.

Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.

War is a terrible trade, but in the cause that is righteous,

Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!

*[Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture, jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets, and handed it back to the savage.]*

Here, take it! *[in a voice of thunder]* this is your answer!

*[Silently the savage glided out of the room; MILES STANDISH and other members of the council rush out.]*

#### FOURTH SCENE

CHORUS.

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from  
the meadows,

There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village  
of Plymouth;

Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative,  
"Forward!"

Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then  
silence.

Many a mile had been marched, when at length the  
village of Plymouth



Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.

Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,

Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the *Mayflower*;

Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,

He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.

Month after month passed away, when

Lo! in the midst of the scene, a breathless messenger entered,

Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.

Yes; Miles Standish was dead!—An Indian had brought them the tidings.—

Later came the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.

Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also

Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,

One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.

Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.

Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,

Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,

After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of  
Holland.

Fervently then and devoutly, the excellent Elder of  
Plymouth

Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded  
that day in affection,

Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine  
benedictions.

[*During the reciting of this selection the wedding party  
has gathered, when suddenly MILES STANDISH, clad in  
armor, appears.*]

JOHN ALDEN. [*Starting back.*]

Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless, spectral illusion?

Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid  
the betrothal?

[PRISCILLA *hides her face on JOHN ALDEN'S shoulder.*]

ELDER OF PLYMOUTH.

'T is Miles Standish, our brave captain, returned from  
the dead!

MILES STANDISH. [*Striding into the room and grasping  
JOHN ALDEN'S hand.*]

Forgive me!

I have been angry and hurt,—too long have I cherished  
the feeling;

I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is  
ended.

Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of  
Hugh Standish,

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for  
error.

Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend  
of John Alden.

JOHN ALDEN.

Let all be forgotten between us,—  
All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow  
older and dearer!

MILES STANDISH. [*Bowing deeply to PRISCILLA and smiling.*]

I should have remembered the adage,—  
If you would be well served, you must serve yourself!

EPILOGUE.

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new  
habitation,  
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing to-  
gether.

[*All pass out.*]

# BARNABY LEE

A Dramatization of JOHN BENNETT'S "Barnaby Lee" \*

## *CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES*

**BARNABY LEE**, a young lad, son of an English gentleman, kidnapped by the picaroons and brought to America as cabin boy on a pirate ship. Dressed in gaudily figured shirt, open at neck; loose bloomers; no stockings; sash of faded red silk trimmed with gold lace knotted around waist, a knife thrust through it; sandals on feet.

**CAPTAIN JOHN KING** and his sailors. Loose bloomers; knitted shirts, red coats; gaudy handkerchiefs round neck; turbans of bright colors.

**SCHOUT FISKAAL**. Very stout. Yellow rosettes and ribbons at knees of trousers; red coat.

The clerk of Schout Fiskaal. Very thin. Dressed in black.

**PETER STUYVESANT**, Governor of New Amsterdam. Dressed in somber but rich clothes, black velvet coat, with slashed sleeves; broad white linen collar drooping upon his shoulders; upon his breast a golden brooch with coat of arms on it. Wooden leg.

**GERRIT VAN SWERINGEN**, the Man from Troublesome Corner. Very strong character. Dressed in same manner as Peter Stuyvesant; large beaver hat with long feather.

**DOROTHY VAN SWERINGEN**, daughter of Gerrit Van Sweringen. Dressed in Dutch costume, wooden shoes.

**RICHARD NICOLLS**, sent by England to take possession of New Amsterdam. Dressed in red and green uniform.

English sailors in red uniform.

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Men, women, and children of New Amsterdam in Dutch costume.

Time: 1664.

Place: New Amsterdam, New York.

Time for production: thirty-five minutes.

## FIRST SCENE

[*The pirate ship containing CAPTAIN JOHN KING and his men and cabin boy, BARNABY LEE, comes near the coast of New Amsterdam. Let the right side of the stage or assembly room represent the pirate ship, and the left side, New Amsterdam.*]

BARNABY LEE. [*Standing at one end of ship, looking wistfully toward land.*] There are trees there, and dirt and stones, and rocks with moss on them; ay, there are birds, robin-redbreasts and throstles, and little brown hens that lay white eggs. There are apples growing in orchards; and strawberry-vines in the meadows; hives of bees in plaited straw standing under the hedge-rows! And there are cows—brown-eyed bossies, and girls to milk them. Oh, [*turning away despairingly*] I can hear them singing in the twilight! [*The sailors have come nearer, one fingers his whip and looks at BARNABY.*]

MATE. Bear a hand, you good-for-nothing! Lively now! Don't sulk with me; I 'll eat your back with [*again touches whip*].

BARNABY. If ever I come ashore again! Oh, if ever I come ashore again!

SAILOR. What 's the matter with you, always so wild for the shore. Too near shore for me!

BARNABY. Like enough, but it 's been four years since I was ashore, and that 's a long, long time.

SAILOR. [*Laughing, walks off.*] Four years, four years.

BARNABY. Oh, daddy, why did ye never come back?  
[*Puts head down in hands.*]

CAPTAIN AND SAILORS. [*Come on, singing.*]

Go tell the King of England,  
Go tell him this from me:  
If he reigns king of all the land,  
I will reign king at sea!

CAPTAIN JOHN KING. By glory, I will, or my name is not King!

SAILING MASTER. All right. I never said ye would n't, but the Dutch have stopped many a ship!

KING. Why, man, you talk as if you were afraid of a web-footed Dutchman! But, what 's up with that young fool?

MATE. He has caught a sniff of the land and just as soon as he smells land he 's as mad as a hatter. I made at him with the whip, but never a bit did he dodge.

SAILING MASTER. He is not the kind to dodge. 'T is a quality runneth in the blood when men be thoroughbred.

KING. A blight upon his quality. I would I were shut of him.

MATE. You kidnapped the boy to please his father's enemy, why growl about it now?

KING. Look here, I warned ye once to attend your own affairs. Do ye want that I shall warn ye twice?

MATE. Oh, no, John, truly I don't.

SAILING MASTER. Oh, quits! Ye act like two old tom-cats: Fizz-zz! miaouw! What 's the good of it? The boy is a thoroughbred, that is all I know. He 'll leave—

SAILOR. [*Yelling.*] Ware shoal! Hard a-star-board. Jam her down! Port ho! The Dutchmen be in sight!

JOHN KING. We shall soon see whether I 'll pass or not!

[*Dutch people come in, running, from left side.*]

## SECOND SCENE

ENCOUNTER WITH THE DUTCH OF NEW AMSTERDAM.

DUTCH MESSENGER. To the fort! Ho, burghers! To the fort, or pay the penalty!

DIRCK STORM. [*A Dutch boy.*] Dorothy, Dorothy Van! Come quickly forth. An English ship is putting us to shame!

DOROTHY. An English ship? Oh, Dirck, will there be war?

DIRCK. Who knows? As like as not; or a battle, which is much the same. The English are an evil lot. Up quickly, that we may see. Heida! see them row!

DOROTHY. See, at the end of the boat, a little English boy!

DIRCK. Why do you pity him? I should like to shoot him! Our revenues are being defrauded by these thieves, carrying furs into Boston and Virginia; sea robbers!

KING. Keep off, at your peril!

HARBOR MASTER. Our business is with you, sir; why have ye not stricken your topsails?

KING. Stricken my topsails? Who are you and what do you take me for?

HARBOR MASTER. I take you for an insolent rogue, unless you speedily mend both your language and your manners.

KING. Since when have you got a mortgage on the manners of the world? I will strike my tops for nobody but my own pleasure and King Charles.

HARBOR MASTER. In the name of the city of New Amsterdam, I bid ye strike your topsails!

KING. Be hanged to the city of New Amsterdam! [*Turning to sailors.*] Ready!

HARBOR MASTER. Then thou art arrested in the name of the law. I will go on board.

KING. Keep off, you meddling fool! [*A great shout from the people on shore.*]

A DUTCHMAN. Make way there, make way there! Make way for the Heer Officier! Make way for the Schout Fiskaal!

SCHOUT FISKAAL. [*Immensely fat, followed by his clerk, a little lean man in black, tries to walk in very pompously, but trips and falls headlong.*] Haw, haw. [*Shouts of laughter from ship and people on coast.*]

SAILING MASTER. [*Laughing.*] Haw! What the murrain is this thing? Can anybody tell? Said naught but



“Hah!” like a horse. It hath swallowed its tongue, and swelleth itself with words. If some kind friend don’t tap it soon, ’t will surely burst!

SCHOUT. Insolent and ignorant rogue, thou knowest not who I am. I am the hangman and the gallows; I am the counsel and the judgment; I am the established law and the execution thereof; I am the Schout Fiskaal!

SAILING MASTER. I am much beholden to you. I was thinking ye might be Goliath of Gath!

SCHOUT. Beware! I am not to be trifled with. I am the sheriff of the city.

KING. An a boddle of it! What are your sheriff and city to me, and what does this arresting mean?

SCHOUT. Who art thou? Whence art thou come? Whither art thou going, and what is thy business?

KING. My name is Acorn, and I grew upon an oak-tree. I come from the place I left last; I go wherever I choose. My business is peddling peasecods and trucking for sassafras.

SCHOUT. Peddling and trucking? Aha! Thou wilt show me your commission.

KING. Show ye my commission? Pah! a murrain on commissions!

SCHOUT. Where is your trading-license?

KING. I have no trading-license.

SCHOUT. Thou hast lived in New Netherland a year and forty days? Hast kept both fire and candle-light, as the

custom law requireth? Is thy daughter married in this city? Doth thy wife reside here?

KING. What rigmarole is this? Thou art madder than the maddest hatter!

SCHOUT. It is the law! Thou may not embark on trade!

KING. [*Leaning forward.*] I am going up this river to trade, if it makes an eternal bonfire of all the laws and candles on the coast. These lands belong to England; what are ye doing on them anyway? If we ever put our feet off this boat we would make ye sick enough of us!

SAILORS. Aye, Captain, aye.

SCHOUT. [*Very excited.*] Read, Jacobus, read them my commission!

KING. [*Laughing derisively.*] Put this in your pipe and smoke it! My name is King, just plain John King, with neither haft nor handle. My vessel is named the *Ragged Staff*, and we sail from Maryland. We are going up this river to trade with the Iroquois. If ye be bent on stopping us, come on and stop! That's all I have to say. Push off there, Gideon! [*Sailors go out.*]

SCHOUT FISKAAL. Oh, what's to do? oh, what to do? Aha! I have it. A keg of schnapps! Up with the flag! Shoot a gun! Salute the flag!

MASTER GUNNER. Salute the flag? Shoot a gun? If I am to fire at all—my soul! bid me fire upon those rogues!

SCHOUT. I dare not! We are at peace with England. [*Gunner turns away in disgust.*]

SCHOUT. Come on, men. [*Waving his sword and shout-*

*ing.*] Down with the insolent English, down with them all! Hurrah! Hurrah! [*Goes out with part of crowd following.*]

DOROTHY. Shame on him, to try to play the master when he cannot even play the man! If my father were here he would make them laugh on the other side of their mouths!

DIRCK. How? It is against the law to shoot.

DOROTHY. Then fie on the law! When the law doth not suit my father, he breaks it until it does, or until they make him a new one that will better serve the turn.

DIRCK. If he breaks the laws of New Amsterdam, we shall hang him like a common thief upon the gallows-tree.

DOROTHY. [*Laughing scornfully.*] As ye have hanged these Englishmen? The hawks will nest in the pigeon-house when ye have hanged my father! [*Both pass out.*]

[*As a man sent by Schout Fiskaal is hanging up a poster Van Sweringen comes in.*]

VAN SWERINGEN. [*Stepping up and reading.*] “Know ye all men by these presents: it is hereby straitly charged upon all burghers that henceforth none shall suffer the English to go up the river to trade with the Savages, nay, nor in any wise permit their passage of the provided limits.” [*Tearing down the sign.*] The law? Bah! [*Tears poster in pieces and throws them on ground.*] Quick, to the boats! [*Turning to the men who had not followed Schout Fiskaal.*] Up the river after these picaroons, seize their goods and turn their vessels adrift. Our laws may be weak as paper;—our hearts and arms are strong. To the boats, lads! [*All go out.*]

## THIRD SCENE

[*Street in New Amsterdam and dwelling of PETER STUYVESANT. A crowd of men shouting, DIRCK STORM leading.*]

CROWD. Dirck Storm hath taken a picaroon! Go tell the Schout Fiskaal!

SCHOUT. Hah! Where is the rogue?

A MAN. Here, I have him.

SCHOUT. Aha, Master Villain! where art thou now? [*Rubbing his eyes.*] Ah, so small as that? [*Looking down at BARNABY.*] He must be very wicked; hold fast to him; he hath an ugly knife. Where are the others?

CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH. Their goods taken from them and cast adrift on the sea. This boy was found in the marshes. What shall I do with him, mynheer?

SCHOUT. Lock him up in the Stad Huis jail.

MASTER. Impossible, mynheer.

SCHOUT. And why is it impossible?

MASTER. The jail is full of cheeses.

SCHOUT. [*Puffing out his cheeks.*] What sort of business is this, that the jail is full of cheeses?

MASTER. The very best sort of business; cheeses bring good rents, mynheer, but prisoners cost the city moneys.

SCHOUT. Ach so! I had not thought of that. Well, then, take him and lock him up in the guardroom at the fort.

MASTER. It is full of pickle-tubs.

SCHOUT. A pest on it! Is the world a warehouse for green cheese and pickle-tubs? Well, lock him up, lock him in the windmill; there is room for a dozen. [*As he speaks BARNABY falls down in a faint.*]

MRS. VAN SWERINGEN. [*Running up with DOROTHY.*] Joris, what means this din? Here, take up the lad; doth one picaroon justify this out roar? A starving boy in the windmill! You who get six meals a day, talking of taking him there. Stand back! Open the gate there. Peter Stuyvesant will be back here to-morrow and I shall be responsible for the boy until then. Stand back! [*All pass out.*]

#### FOURTH SCENE

[PETER STUYVESANT seated at his desk. Reading a letter.]

PETER STUYVESANT. [*Bringing fist down.*] Had I thee here, I would hang thee as high as Haman! Appeal to Holland? Thou shouldst appeal with thine head upon a tray! [*Putting his head on his hands.*] I am playing my cards alone, like a fool at a king's court. I cannot see the way. I need this man — will he do what I wish?

VAN RUYTER. [*Coming in.*] Your Excellency, most gracious and valorous—

PETER STUYVESANT. Tssst! don't waste the time; take all that for granted, and come to the point.

VAN RUYTER. Gerrit Van Sweringen has come.

STUYVESANT. Let him enter alone. [VAN RUYTER goes

*out and VAN SWERINGEN comes in. STUYVESANT and VAN SWERINGEN stand, looking haughtily at each other.]*

STUYVESANT. Mynheer Gerrit Van Sweringen, Member of the South River Colony Council, and Sheriff of New Amstel. [*Bowing slightly.*]

VAN SWERINGEN. Mynheer Peter Stuyvesant, Your Excellency, Director for the High and Mighty West India Trading Company, Governor of New Netherland and of the Islands of the Sea, the Esteemed, the Worthy, the Prudent, also *the Most Severe*. [*Bowing deeply.*] Your Excellency, ye have sent for me. I greatly wonder why.

STUYVESANT. Because I have need of thee, not, you may believe, because it hath pleased me.

VAN SWERINGEN. [*Smiling.*] Your need doth not appear to have dropped sweet oil and honey on your tongue.

STUYVESANT. [*Gesture of command.*] Mynheer, provoke me no more! I have had provocation enough from thee. I have great need of tranquil speech, but how can I be tranquil, if thou dost irritate me? Remember mine office, and honor it. I have need of speech with thee; pray thee, be seated. [VAN SWERINGEN *seats himself, placing his sword across his knee.*] Mynheer, I shall tell thee why I sent for thee to-night. It was not from choice—thou mayst be sure of that—but from necessity. [*He limps over and bolts the doors.*] We are fallen in great difficulty, and threatening misfortunes gather over us like a storm. [*Takes out a parchment roll about a yard long, and unrolls it.*] Harken, mynheer, and I shall quickly explain. [*Turns the parchment so as to show that it is a map.*] See; it is an excellent map. Here stand we in New Amsterdam, on Manhattan Island. Here is the river, here is the sea,

and here is the shore of the mainland. Our limits run from here to here. The English colonies hem us in upon both north and south. Mynheer, dost love an Englishman?

VAN SWERINGEN. I know some Englishmen, Your Excellency, whom I think I do not hate.

STUYVESANT. [*Bitterly.*] Well, I shall give thee ample cause to hate them. They mean to take these lands from us before the year is out. Dost smile? Let this abate thy smiling. [*Hands him a letter.*]

VAN SWERINGEN. [*Jumping up as he reads.*] Your Excellency, they dare not; this thing is impossible!

STUYVESANT. Call no deed impossible until an Englishman hath tried it and failed to make it good.

VAN SWERINGEN. How can we thwart this hideous piece of treachery? Oh, they have lied to me. Why, this means war! My soul! if they want war, let us wage them war—with a vengeance!

STUYVESANT. With what? We have nothing, no powder, no men. We are only a company's trading post. They will snap their fingers and let us go like a played-out tune. We are rich in possibility, but Guinea and the Indies have set our great Dutch traders mad. They have forgotten us; they can dream of nothing but the Philippines and the East; the smell of spice and nutmegs seems to have stolen away their reason. Unless we can stand for ourselves, and thwart our enemies alone, we shall be turned out of house and home, like beggars in the street.

VAN SWERINGEN. When they have turned me out of my home they shall have paid me a price for it! I have ventured all that I have, and I shall stand to it.

STUYVESANT. Then serve me, and we shall stand together. There are times when two men, if they will stand together, may make a perilous vantage good against a thousand.

VAN SWERINGEN. [*Scowling.*] I would rather stand alone. I love thee not.

STUYVESANT. [*Snapping his fingers.*] This for thy love. Dost think I sent for thee because I felt affectionate? I like thee not, nor thy mad ways. I am not asking for myself, but for the colony. New Netherland hath need of thee; I am only her voice.

VAN SWERINGEN. [*Placing his sword on table with a ringing sound.*] There is my answer to the colony. I will serve her while I have a drop of blood in my veins. What is it, Your Excellency, that ye would have me do? Speak quick, for the hour is growing late.

STUYVESANT. I would have thee go on an embassy to Maryland. Lord Baltimore hath renewed his claim to our southern borderland. Unless we hold him off until his title is proved void, the South River country is lost. Attend me on the map. [BARNABY, *who is sleeping in the little press closet, breathes heavily.*]

VAN SWERINGEN. Your Excellency, what was that?

STUYVESANT. What was what?

VAN SWERINGEN. I thought I heard somebody breathe.

STUYVESANT. I must have sighed. There is nobody stirring in the house but our two selves. Our doubts make rabbits of us.

VAN SWERINGEN. Your Excellency, I neither doubt nor



fear. I await the event. [*The two bend over the map and talk very low.*]

WATCHMAN. [*Without.*] Four o'clock and all is well.

STUYVESANT. Hast followed me, mynheer?

VAN SWERINGEN. Like a spaniel at thine heels.

STUYVESANT. Now comes the sticking-point. We dare not seem to come into Maryland on state business. We are only a trader's colony; with no patent to this land from the Dutch States General. I have begged for a patent time and time again. We must have some plausible excuse to cover our real design. This is why I sent for thee. I need a man who can reason. And now, Mynheer Van Sweringen, what reason can we offer?

VAN SWERINGEN. A reason at demand? Nay, Your Excellency, I know none. Our treaties with the savages stand, the red tribes are at peace, the commission hath settled the question upon the ships that were seized on false charges, nay, Your Excellency, I can think of no reason. But our need will find us a reason.

STUYVESANT. Then go, mynheer, and Providence go with thee. I leave the reason and the rest with thee. Yet while thou art gone I shall not sit here as if I were sick with palsy. An English seafaring man, I hear, has been taken in the marshes. They say that he is a picaroon. The name matters little. These rascals are but the shadow of greater rogues behind them. I shall make an example of this one; he hath broken the laws of New Netherland, and I'll hang him.

BARNABY. [*Shouting wildly.*] Oh, no, no, no!

VAN SWERINGEN. We are betrayed! There is a spy!  
[*Catching up sword and running across the room.* STUYVESANT followed.] Out, thou felon, cowardly spy. Out!  
[BARNABY LEE struggling in the covers, creeps out.] Quick, who art thou?

STUYVESANT. Speak! Quick!

BARNABY. [*Gasping.*] Oh, masters, I be the picaroon!

VAN SWERINGEN. Light of my soul! The picaroon.  
[*Sitting down laughing heartily.* STUYVESANT sits down also, and laughs.]

STUYVESANT. [*Taking BARNABY by the arm and drawing him toward him.*] A pirate thou? and a picaroon?

BARNABY. You will not hang me, master! You surely cannot mean it?

STUYVESANT. What dost take us for? The Spanish Inquisition? Nay; we are not yet fallen so low as to hang half-grown children. But who art thou, boy? and what art doing here in the press-bed in my wall?

BARNABY. I was servant to Captain John King, and cabin-boy on the *Ragged Staff*. My father was a gentleman in England, and oh, he must be dead, for some one put me on board a lawless Maryland coasting-ship four years—

VAN SWERINGEN. [*Jumping up.*] Eureka! I have found it! Eureka! The right shall yet prevail! The God of Battles is with us!

STUYVESANT. Aye, doubtless, but where hath He shown thee a sign?

VAN SWERINGEN. There. [*Pointing at BARNABY.*]

Dost not see my idea? Why, Your Excellency, what saith the law? "If any hide or harbor another's serving man, without his master's acquiescence, or detain the same in any wise, or carry him away, or suffer him to lurk about, it is a felony. And if any apprentice from the English colonies flieth from them into New Netherland, the authorities shall take him at their gates, and shall send him back to the place whence he hath fled, by the first vessel sailing thither from their ports." There! Dost catch my inspiration? The boy—a cabin boy a fugitive—vessel from which he fled claimed port in Maryland—there is sufficient reason for all the missions ye may wish to send to Lord Baltimore's court. Is it plain?

STUYVESANT. It is indeed a sign. We are not yet forsaken. When a man's friends fail him utterly, God sendeth his enemy to serve him. He first sent thee to me, mynheer; and now, to us, this boy. The Lord is a stronghold in which we shall prevail!

BARNABY. Are ye going to send me back? Oh, masters, ye cannot mean it; ye truly cannot mean it!

STUYVESANT. Tut, tut! Do not make such a to-do, boy.

BARNABY. [*Turning to VAN SWERINGEN.*] Ye cannot mean to send me back. Oh, master, I would rather be hanged than go back to the *Ragged Staff*. Master, I am no apprentice, but a gentleman's son. My father was a captain with the king; oh, master, master, the world is a lonely place when ye be all that is left.

VAN SWERINGEN. [*Pacing the floor with troubled look.*] Ach, prut!

BARNABY. I will serve ye truly, if only you will not

send me back. The sea is a horrible place; one gets so sick for shore. I can shoot a gun, and fence with sword and dagger; I can read a book and ride a horse. I can cook a meal fairly and serve it. And I will serve ye forever until I die if only ye will not send me back. Ye cannot send me back!

STUYVESANT. [*Shaking his head at VAN SWERINGEN.*] Well?

VAN SWERINGEN. Look not at me, Your Excellency. There is my plan. I have offered it. I wash my hands of the matter.

STUYVESANT. But, mynheer, if ye love me—

VAN SWERINGEN. I have told you I do not love you. The matter rests with you. I have shown you a way from your quandary.

STUYVESANT. [*Sadly.*] And put me into another. But our need is past all question, and the need of many must prevail; I have nothing else to serve the turn. Our rights may seem this lad's wrongs, and unrighteous altogether, but the single right must be sacrificed to the greater necessities of many. We must make the best of it. [*BARNABY turns away heartbroken. All pass out.*]

## FIFTH SCENE

[*The little Dutch children dancing a Dutch dance in the road. VAN SWERINGEN and BARNABY LEE return to New Amsterdam. PETER STUYVESANT meets them and he and VAN SWERINGEN step to one side. A servant girl standing watching the children turns to BARNABY.*]

MOLLY (servant girl). Bless my stars and garters, lad, but you 're a pretty boy! Dear soul, those two blue eyes o' thine do be all England. I have not seen the like since I left England, and that 's nigh seven year ago. God bless thy pretty face! Wilt not buss us, lad, for old England's sake? [*She leans over and kisses him.*]

BARNABY. Get out! I do not like this bussing.

MOLLY. [*Laughing softly.*] Some folk does, and some folk don't. It all depends on how ye take it. A little taken sensible, doth sweeten life no end. Lad, it is a gift of nater, and most folk come to it in time. One's heart grows old without it. [*Clapping him on the shoulder.*] Come to Molly Hawley, if ye wish anything, bless thine heart, shalt have it for that sweet English face of thine! [*Runs out after children. BARNABY follows.*]

PETER STUYVESANT. The lad back? [*Impatiently striking ground with cane.*] Well, sir? Well, sir? You have fetched the lad back?

VAN SWERINGEN. There was no record of the ship in Maryland. Charles Calvert has promised that there will be no invasion. The mission is accomplished. We had some trouble in Maryland and Barnaby Lee saved my life; in the future he shall be as my son. [*STUYVESANT'S face shows relief when he hears the mission is accomplished.*]

MAN. [*Running up.*] The savages have risen! The Mohechans are up beyond Claverack, and are butchering the people!

STUYVESANT. Well, come; well, come, mynheer; we need thee again. Joseph, bring my jacket and breastpiece; find me a strap for my steel cap; do not be slow. [*All go out.*]

## SIXTH SCENE

[*Men of New Amsterdam talking in an excited manner.*]

FIRST MAN. King Charles hath granted the Duke of York the coast and all its islands, from Connecticut to Maryland!

SECOND MAN. It is not his to grant.

THIRD MAN. He will make it his if he can. I tell ye, the English are determined to have these lands, by hook or crook, fair means or foul.

FIRST MAN. Charles Calvert promised Van Sweringen that there would be no invasion!

SECOND MAN. Aye, indeed; but Charles Stuart, the King of England, is greater than Charles Calvert, the Governor of Maryland.

FOURTH MAN. Where is "King Peter"?

SECOND MAN. At Fort Orange. They have sent for him. Last night one of our ships was seized by the British ship.

THIRD MAN. Stuyvesant returned this morning and sent a commission to Colonel Nicolls, to demand the meaning of this. He replied that he was sent by King Charles and James, Duke of York, to reduce the port to the English crown and he would not leave until Fort Amsterdam surrendered. Well, we have our families to think about, and I, for one, am in favor of surrendering.

FIRST MAN. Here comes Peter Stuyvesant now. [*From all sides come the Dutch people.*]

A BURGOMEISTER. [*To STUYVESANT.*] We have a right to know what terms are offered us in surrender. It is our lives and properties which will be lost in case of assault, and ye have no right to withhold the terms that are offered to our city.

SECOND BURGOMEISTER. We would willingly risk our lives, Your Excellency, if there were the slightest hope of success, but desperately to rush a handful of half-armed citizens and untrained serving-men upon the pikes of three brigades would be sheer madness. We came here to settle, to build, to trade, to profit, and to thrive, and not to fight English.

STUYVESANT. Would ye turn your very coats for profits, are ye all stark dead to honor? Shame on you, shame! Cowards!

A MAN. [*Running up.*] They are coming! They are coming! The French are coming with them to tear the city to pieces and slaughter us all.

FIRST VOICE. Surrender. We want no war!

STUYVESANT. I would rather die!

SECOND VOICE. To resist is death. Give us the English terms!

THIRD VOICE. We lose our property and everything if the city falls; give us the English terms!

[*A long murmur coming from all the women, "Surrender!"*]

A GUNNER. [*Running up.*] Your Excellency, get us some powder. This will not burn.

THE CROWD. Surrender!

STUYVESANT. I begged them for powder! Fools!

ANOTHER MAN. Your Excellency, there is no grain to grind! We shall be starved like cats in a garret.

CROWD. Surrender!

STUYVESANT. I would rather be carried out dead!

CROWD. Then give us the terms, or we will surrender anyway!

STUYVESANT. If I surrender this city, wherein am I justified?

CROWD. Will ye be justified in our ruin? Surrender, surrender!

STUYVESANT. I tell you I am master here and I shall fight to the end!

A MAN. Oh, mynheer, remember the women and the children! Their lives lie in the hollow of thine hand, and on the Judgment Day thou shalt answer for what thou hast done with them here. Remember the women and the children!

STUYVESANT. The women and the children?

MAN. Look at them, look!

CROWD. Surrender!

STUYVESANT. Ach, Gott, Thy will, not mine be done!  
[Turns and walks slowly out.]

## SEVENTH SCENE

[English, headed by COLONEL RICHARD NICOLLS, walk through the streets of New York. A crowd of Dutch



*people, including DOROTHY, VAN SWERINGEN, DIRCK STORM, stand watching them.]*

DOROTHY. [*Excitedly, putting her hand out to BARNABY.*] Barnaby, Barnaby: here come the English!

BARNABY. [*Stepping out.*] Long live King Charles! Long live King Charles!

COLONEL NICOLLS. [*Turning.*] Hey! What's this?

CAPTAIN LEE. [*Stepping suddenly from the side of COLONEL NICOLLS.*] Barnaby, my son, Barnaby!

BARNABY. Oh, Daddy, daddy, daddy! [CAPTAIN LEE clasps BARNABY in his arms; COLONEL NICOLLS claps his hands twice in surprise and pleasure; DOROTHY clasps her hands and steps a little forward.]

THE END

















